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THE BUCHANNAN DIAMOND'S

A DETECTIVE STORY OF CHICAGO.

BY M. J. HALL.

SYNOPSIS.

Fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds are stolen from the residence of General Buchannan, and Claude Winters, the lover of Cora Buchannan, is suspected of the crime. The detective who undertakes to unearth the mystery, who at first sight the case Mark receives a beautiful bouquet from the thieves, and a mysterious man tries to murder him.

CHAPTER IV.

CLAUDE WINTHER AND CORA.

The situation was at once changed. He was strong and active, and with a quick movement leaped aside and caught the wrist of his would-be assassin.

A struggle for the possession of the knife began. The two men gazed into each other's eyes for a single instant, and then the conflict was renewed, they fighting like demons.

Each seemed to realize it was certain death to the vanquished. They struggled and fought; breath came in short gasps while in their desperate efforts to gain an advantage.

Mark once tried to wrench out of his opponent's hand the dagger aimed at him, but failed, and the point came dangerously near his heart.

He was still suffering from the effects of the blow and felt weak.

He went to bed and slept until next morning, when he awoke. Though he found himself still suffering from the effects of the blow, it was not enough to disable him, or make him suffer any great inconvenience.

After breakfasting at a restaurant he returned to the house to inquire about the young lady whom he had so romantically rescued from the coffee.

Mrs. Tomkins was in the parlor when he entered.

"How is your charge?" he asked.

"She is well, I thank you. Haven't you seen her yet?"

"No."

"Why don't you come in and see her now? She is the loveliest creature you ever met."

Mark felt a strange longing in his heart that he should see her, and yet there was a timidity about him that kept him from the street him and thank him for his kindness toward her.

"Will you send her to the parlor?" he asked.

"In a moment."

Mark seated himself on the sofa to look up a morning paper and began reading the account of the robbery and had just finished reading a very flaring account of his adventure with the Tenderloin gang, when he heard a light footing in the hallway, a whisper of soft rustel, and next moment he was confronted by the prettiest female he had ever seen.

She was more radiantly beautiful than when he had first seen her, and Mark was fascinated here. That strange mystic influence which enshrouded their first meeting seemed to cast about a thousand new charms to the mysterious little being.

She seemed to be unable to express to whom I am so much indebted," she began, and then she paused, overcome by a flood of tears, and Mark, to relieve her embarrassment, as with a smile on her face she extended her hand to him.

"I assure you that you owe me nothing for the little service I have rendered, saying the little hand in his own and leading her to a chair.

"I can never appreciate your generosity, but you must remember I was stunned and my head affected on that occasion."

"I can appreciate your situation," he returned. "Will you be seated?"

She seated herself, and in a few moments Mark found that they were speaking as if they had known each other for years.

"Have you seen Claude?" she asked.

"Who was the man who struck you?"

"It is a long, sad story," she replied, with a sigh, while her eyes grew moist. "I will tell you some time, but not now. Claude has engaged in a mining enterprise in Boston, his was once wealthy, but lost all. His wife died. He also lost

I know no more until I regained consciousness in your house."

"Have you wish to return to your uncle?"

"No, sir. It is useless to think of it."

"What are your plans for the future?"

"I have none," she answered, then after a short silence added: "I have had no time to form any."

"I am glad that you won't for some time. I have a plan here for detectives, as I will keep you in mind for a while at least. It may be that something may extenuate to your advantage."

She raised her drooping eyelashes of long golden silk, until her brown, gazelle-like eyes met his, and said:

"I am very grateful, sir, for your kindness, but I am too independent of spirit to be an object of generosity."

"Don't for a moment entertain that thought, I pray you, for I have no fear of your independence. But your cause interests me, and I would like to assist you if you can would not allow me to assist you?"

At this moment the door bell rang and a messenger boy came with another note from Miss Buchannan, asking him for an interview.

"Tell her," bade Mabel Winters adieu, assuring her he would see her again in a few hours. It was business of the greatest importance, he explained, that he had on hand. She promised not to go away without seeing him again, and keeping him posted as to her whereabouts.

Mark found Miss Buchannan still at his office, and he hurried to her with a full impression that this fair being made no more difference from any girl he had ever met. They were entirely new. Miss Cora was not very young, but was beautiful, before, but had never known love. Now she was. Now her existence was changed, and everything seemed new to him. Could it be possible that the little girl with the curls—for such she was—was the charms of the fairest in the land, was the love? He had never known anything of her young woman whom he had rescued.

He hurried to the elegant Buchannan mansion, and was at once shown into the room in which he found the young lady and her father. Mark had never met the General before, but his name was familiar to him as a millionaire, and he had always pictured him as a man of stern and haughty mien, but he found him very affable and courteous.

"I will accompany you, Miss Buchannan, if you desire it," he answered.

"I do. I could never go alone, and I will be very grateful to you if you will go."

Mark and Cora hastened for the horses, and were soon on their way to the home of Mrs. Tomkins.

"Miss Buchannan, does your father approve of your choice?"

"I am going to perfectly lovely. His letter to me was very kind, and he says he knows it I can, and I know I can. God is too good to permit such an infamite as his operations to prosper. There is justice and he shall have it."

"As detective, who had been taught to believe that the father can in reality hoping for the worst, Mark was startled by what he heard. She was a strange mystery under all this. Is she innocent, or was she the pretty Miss Buchannan late her carriage, as she drove with her Mr. George Sutton just coming out.

"Have you seen Miss Cleide?" he asked.

"That is the solution Mark was looking for.

"I am very glad of it, for he is much disgusted. He seems to be losing spirits."

The detective took Miss Cora's hand aside and asked:

"Have you yet learned why he went to see Jacobs?"

"No."

"Have you asked him?"

"Yes, but he won't tell."

"The salvation depends on it."

"I am very sure he will never tell."

"Is there any secret known to reveal the relations that exist between them?"

"Only that I have heard mentioned as Jacobs is fast, but I have never heard that there is something wrong there."

The detective saw a look, half of distrust and doubt on the face of the young lady. "I don't give up to despair yet," said Mark. "I will see Jacobs myself. I will see him at once. It is very late, but it is better than delay."

He left Nelson and went into the prison with Miss Buchannan.

He had not been until the first evening between the lovers was over, and when he saw Jacobs he noticed that a very great change had taken place, Jacobs' face was pale and haggard.

"Thank you."

"I am sure you are innocent."

"God bless you, Cora; you are the only one who says so."

"And you are so mistreated."

He sighed.

"I can hear it all if I only have your assurance that it is by my innocence."

"You have that, Claude."

"And your father?"

"He says he hopes you are innocent."

"But believes me guilty?"

"I fear so, dear, Claude."

"I hope and believe that a just heaven will enable me to prove my innocence."

The detective, who overheard the above dialogue, thought:

"He is either an innocent man, or the most consummate scoundrel I ever met."

He did not interrupt the lovers for some time, and then not until they had parted to go their way.

Then they had talked for some time, Jacobs asked:

"Have you any clew yet, Cora?"

"No one, we have. Oh, Claude, how absurd pleadet I have grown. I must ask your forgiveness, and you must assume the scarlet to my great anxiety on your account."

"Oh," he supposed.

"The man whom I have engaged to prove your innocence can explain what those clews are," she said, appealing to the detective.

"I be of you, sir, to give me the information at once."

"You have given a good description of the man."

"But, sir, how could a man employed by Tenderloin gang have done the deed? Was it possible for any of them to get in the house at that time?"

"Not unless they had a representative who was a guest."

"Impossible, impossible, sir. The guests, the servants and family were above suspicion. I well known and men of wealth, whom it would have been impossible to even suspect. But what connection had the two representations?"

They were written by the same hand," he replied.

"And who was this villain?"

"A mystery recently sprung up in Chicago. He is no longer a myth, for I met him. He seems to know me, and have some grudge against me, for last night he assaulted me with a knife and left me for dead in the street."

The detective proceeded so quickly as he could to give a description of the man with whom he had the encounter.

"You must remember," he said, "that I was taken under most unfavorable circumstances. It was quite dark in the street, and see a very little distance in a faint for it."

"Was he alone you against him?"

"No; doubt it was some street gamin. I at first thought he only shouted out of mischief, but what followed convinced me that he was in earnest."

Then a long silence followed, broken by Miss Buchannan suggesting:

"Perhaps Mr. Nelson is chief of the Tenderloin gang."

"No, the individual who assigns that diabolical has the very beautiful nom de plume of Captain Hawk."

The maiden was silent. The mystery of the whole affair was so perplexing that she was compelled to give it up as beyond her comprehension.

The detective let the cell and waited for the jailer to come. He was talking of how the lovers was very affecting. When she refused him there were tears in her eyes, he thought, and she was much attracted.

"Is this to be a case of love at first sight?" he soliloquized, as he waited for the jailer to come. "I am afraid it is. I am afraid I am myself interested."

The detective at one time thought it would be a good plan to have the sweetheart get from her father the name of the mysterious visits to Sissy Jacobs, but she was so infatuated with the young man that he doubted to persuade her that Jacobs was guilty, and he thought it best to say nothing to the cousins of Tenderloin gang. The occupants of the vehicle maintaining a thoughtful and tearful silence. At the Buchannan residence Mark bade adieu to his fair client and departed.

CHAPTER V.

THE TENDERLOIN GANG.

When Mark Mills left the Buchannan mansion, he went direct to his office. His mind was in a whirl with conflicting thoughts.

He opened the door of his private office and entering, threw himself into the chair in front of his desk. Two or three minutes passed before he on his feet, which engaged his attention for a few moments.

Suddenly the door opened and a boy, a detective person.

"Mr. Mills, you are just in time for the fun," the detective.

"What is it, Ligo?" he asked, carelessly.

"We have located the Tenderloin gang."

"Where?"

"Oh, — street."

"That is in no obscure place, and almost in the center of city."

"Yes, and it is one of the toniest places on the street."

"I agree with you there, I have never lost my life there yet, but I came very near doing so on one or three occasions."

"Well, don't you want to get even with the rascals by taking a hand in the sport tonight?"

"Two anonymous communications were sent to me this morning, one signed by the against Scotty Rodgers, and the second said that the missing diamonds were in the possession of the Tenderloin gang."

"I have heard of them. They are said to be a set of daring desperadoes whose chief business is burglary, picking pockets, and waylaying people in dark alleys."

"I would be very ungrateful if I did not feel an interest in one to whom I owe so much."

"You may be right, but I have never met them before. Do you know the charge against Scotty Rodgers, and the name of the man who signed the letter?"

"At midnight."

"I will go, and I want to tell you, Ligo, there is something in tonight's work I want you all to help me in."

"What is it?"

"You heard of the Buchannan diamond robbery?"

"Yes, they are a young lawyer got the credit for."

"Well, I am not to be denied the charge, and although credit is sweet, I prefer to have the reward. I have a heavy load fixed on him."

"You no doubt he gave them to one of the gang for safe keeping."

"Yes, and I have had anything to do but to follow the fellow for a man to be free against incumbrance, and he is hired to do it."

"I infer, then, that you mean I am personally interested."

"It would only be natural if you were."

"I will be on hand, and will render you any assistance I can."

"They may have some angel whom they expect to rescue."

"Well, we can only hope so."

"We will be there to have a share of the credit."

"I don't want to a hot time to the old town, I am thinking, when we all met at the home of Mrs. Tomkins."

"I feel confident there will. We will have to look out for the infernal rascals who have been guilty of so many depredations in the past few years, and perhaps they are responsible for the robbery."

"Your books you and I."

"Yes, and I will be quiet, even though they should outnumber us some."

"Oh, we will be half and half."

"Can we reach Happy Ann's in half an hour?"

"Yes, we will be a police patrol wagon ready harnessed at the station, and we can be there in quick order."

"That is good. Have no fear I will be on hand."

"Remember, we meet promptly at eleven. Now you are a private citizen, not a police officer."

"I will be on time."

The detective rose to touch, and during the afternoon called on the mysterious Mabel, who seemed to be glad to see him, he noticed.

He was now wholly removed from the effects of the shock, and seemed radiant with joy at the sight of him. A strange memory flashed through his mind for which seemed to call for the name of Mabel Winters, but he could not recall it. It was a memory of humiliation and shame, and he felt how he detective person.

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"Well, don't you want to get even with the rascals by taking a hand in the sport tonight?"

He leaped through the window alighting in the very midst of the thieves.

"Hurry up, there; the chief's in danger," yelled one.

"Save the chief and break cause," shouted another.

A rush of feet, a crowding blow, and for a few moments the detective was attacked, if not overpowered.

When he recovered he was surrounded by half a dozen police with clubs and pistols in their hands.

"No."

"Your hour of him?"

"Yes. The women and street boys seem to have a wholesome dread of him."

"I have always doubted his identity until tonight, but now I see as much of a reality to me as service."

The detective then bade the police sergeant adieu, and resumed his journey home.

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to the army, and I was left alone to take care of him. I sought every means, and could have supported both of us very well, had he not taken my money to spend for liquor.

"I could not stand this longer, and left his house. He followed me, and while flying from him I slipped and fell in the alley, where he caught me and struck me.

"Her eyes must not ache and she grew a little paler as she added:

"It is dangerous."

"It may prove so, but I am accustomed to danger."

She shuddered, and a moment later hurriedly said:

"You must be very cautious until you return."

"Tut! tut, Miss Whitey, will you be more sorry on my account than you would for any other patient?"

She was silent for a moment, while her face grew very pale, and then she said:

"It would be very ungrateful if I did not for you have been more than a fellow-creature."

"Miss Alice—Mabel!" his voice was husky and almost choking. "You owe me nothing."

Her head drooped, and a tear fell over her cheek, which flushed crimson.

After a moment's hesitation, however, she started up, saying:

"I don't explain what I mean now, but I will—and here, I have something I say you'll receive, I hope."

She the detective left the house he called the "Den."

"Now, you can go to bed now, you old dutch. Can it be that you who have always prided yourself on being the best sentinel detective in the city, who was never out nor any person escaped your eye, but with the mysterious wail of the street-car bell, you have been asleep, and a man has passed you, he formed the other citizens all around?

Before the whole case of the pantry was a short, thick-set fellow, with a bull-like chest and big head, with close-cut black eyes, and was regarded as one of the most powerful men in the city.

He was a detective.

"There is no doubt, Sergt. Bull, but I'm just as full there as I ever was in the night," Squatty declared.

"Do your best, for the honor of Hagan Den," asked another.

"Shut up, you do, Mark."

"Have you been in it?"

"Yes, from the door to cellar. I can tell you the number of doors and windows, and I guess I could make out the whole battle-trap contains."

"Do you hear that old woman, Happy Jack?"

"Certainly, she is a bad character. She has done more harm than any other person of whom credit, and it is my opinion that she ought to be run in."

"No doubt," returned Squatty. "But, Sergt. Bull, there are business, let Jack rest."

"It's time to start," said Lige.

"I'm ready," said Jack.

A moment later the party named was at the head of the column of the famous Happy Jack's Gang.

Their duty was within three or four blocks of the Den, and they were to watch the entire block, and if any one entered the house, behind which was a row of low, dingy buildings, to arrest the occupant or occupants.

Such was the worst part of the city of Chicago.

The thieves and assassins made merry as to their own affairs, and the police had honor points on the entire street. They lurked out in the shadows of the corners and then divided into squads of two each, with an assistant detective, who went to meet at the house which they were to watch.

Squatty and Mark Sentinel, the latter of whom had come up at the rear of the house, were stationed in the dark and narrow alley of Hadley and Iron, among some tumble-down sheds, and they were to watch the house in which Dad Happy Jack's quarters were, in the rear, and prevent any one from escaping through that avenue.

Squatty and Mark were in the shadow of a dingy shed, and they could hear the singing, drinking and playing cards.

"Mark," said Squatty, "Mark."

"Squatty whispered.

"Yes."

"I think that the house in a sort of a four years about an old shanty, and the old man who lives there is a sort of a wonder. Some in the neighborhood say he is crazy, and stoned by a strained vein, the others say he is a miser, and that he has a lot of money hidden away in the old shanty."

"Well, what of it?" asked Mark, in a bored tone.

"Only whispered Miss clutching his companion's arm.

A tall dark figure crept down the yard and disappeared in the shadow of the side of the house. Mark Sentinel started back in surprise.

And well he might.

It was a woman who assaulted him.

He went into the house and the next moment made way back to the alley, but—he vanished!

The detective crept to the dirty window, and looked through a crack in the corner of the stranger being the man who assaulted him, and the two were engaged in this mystery might be locked. The thieves looked out on the alley, and they could not hear a word that was said.

Mark Sentinel was not there, and the two men looked at each other in surprise and shock. The stranger took from under his coat a bundle, which he opened, and filled the room with the flashing of diamonds.

"The Dutchman's diamonds—dead Mark and Jack Sentinel!" exclaimed the stranger, and the old man, with all his strength, struck out and felled the thieves.

(To be continued next week.)

The Oldest Patent.

The question as to the holder of the oldest patent is one which has been settled from the letter of Joseph Jenkin, comptroller of the patent office, to the effect that he was the first inventor in this country. Parsons, in his work on the patent laws of England, says: "Among the early patentees was Joseph Jenkin, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, obtained a patent for the manufacture of salt." Mr. Jenkin is entitled to the honor of being the first patentee of record in this country. The above scythe patented by Mr. Hill was the first patent granted in this hemisphere. The improvement over the old English scythe was the invention of Mr. Hill, like a true Yankee, he thought of something better, and the machine is thinner and lighter, and has a device for readily strengthening it. Today the scythe, practically speaking, is the same as that invented by Jenkins. The patent was withheld from Mr. Jenkin for some time, as it was thought to be too valuable to be monopolized.—Hartford Courant.

Why the Sky Is Blue.

Did it ever strike you in looking why the ether-filled space between us and the sun is distinctly blue? It isn't that the gas we call air is blue, for we know that it is pure, it is quite transparent and absolutely colorless. Why, then, should the sky be blue?

Air is never pure; you couldn't live in it if it were. Besides the ordinary impurities, chiefly of water, are always suspended in the air tiny particles of the substance of light. Each particle has a definite size, and it is the size of the particle that determines the color of the light which it reflects.

You will notice that the air appears much bluer if you look through a long mass of it, back across towards the horizon. The reason for this is that only deep blue light can naturally looking through a much thicker layer of air than any other.

If there were no dust and moisture and impurities in the air, nothing to interfere with the tiny passage of light, even at a point far the sky above would look perfectly black, and all the stars plainer than they do now at midnight.

No Cause for Commendation.

"That leader," they say, "has got a hair of beautiful black eyes lately. I feel sorry for it."

"It can't be," said Mrs. Bill, "for I've had a very handsome girl with them."

A MESSAGE.

BY CALLIE ROWAN MADDUX.

Methought a soul in his sorrow bore
Had for a moment come beyond the gates,
And through the parting mists so moved for me
Its coming.

His entering in where heavenly joy awaits.

And seeing her, a conscious spirit, near,
I wondered, "What it is that she had said
Could
A word uttered above the lifeless clay.
And all the talk about her understood?
And if so, what that pioneer her heart the love so much?"

"O, of the trivials uttered at her tomb!
The silent kiss, the tear, the work of
The flowers—wreaths amid the funeral
gloom—
And then, as though she read my thought
she said:
"I went with the old time scene of
earth,
"It was not death that came," she softly
said,
"Asleep in earth, I woke to heavenly
birth."
"And when I say so cold and still among
You 'living' ones, the only quiet free,
Remember that I am not dead, but live
That was the dearest memory to me,
To live."
Then to my newly wakened heart she
bore
"And when the words of love my heart
had caused,
When weary with the pain of earth un-
loosed,
Were freely given when of little worth,
Earth-words for one to all earth's sor-
rows true."

"My spirit cried aloud. Oh, do not wait
To speak to me, but love me while you
live."

He needs it here, but ever a coffin fit
To has no voice in and above.

REV. ALEXANDER M'INTOSH.

The Great Disaster Which Came Upon a Minister and How He Met It.

BY ROBERT CROMIE.

(Copyright, 1897, by Robert Cromie.)

Reverend Alexander McIntosh received a call to a church in a large village in the northeastern part of Scotland. He had been educated at English schools and universities, and his parents, who were poor for a lad who was eventually to take high rank in the church, were determined that he should have the best education that was not unattainable, in spite of the interest which they felt in the young preacher of the congregation; and he himself was not unwilling to make sacrifices to secure the best at the house which they could afford.

Sandy and Mary McIntosh, the parents, had come up at the rear of the house, and were standing in the shadow of a group of bushes and trees, among some tombstones which marked the graves of those who had lived Happy Jack's quarters were in the rear of the house, and the two men had made certain observations of the premises, and had come to the conclusion that a dance was in progress, and that drinking and playing cards.

"Mark," said Squatty, "Mark."

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At the rear of the house in a sort of a four years about an old shanty, and the old man who lives there is a sort of a wonder. Some in the neighborhood say he is crazy, and stoned by a strained vein, the others say he is a miser, and that he has a lot of money hidden away in the old shanty."

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Air is never pure; you couldn't live in it if it were. Besides the ordinary impurities, chiefly of water, are always suspended in the air tiny particles of the substance of light. Each particle has a definite size, and it is the size of the particle that determines the color of the light which it reflects.

You will notice that the air appears much bluer if you look through a long mass of it, back across towards the horizon. The reason for this is that only deep blue light can naturally looking through a much thicker layer of air than any other.

If there were no dust and moisture and impurities in the air, nothing to interfere with the tiny passage of light, even at a point far the sky above would look perfectly black, and all the stars plainer than they do now at midnight.

No Cause for Commendation.

"That leader," they say, "has got a hair of beautiful black eyes lately. I feel sorry for it."

"It can't be," said Mrs. Bill, "for I've had a very handsome girl with them."

IN AUTUMN DAYS.

little world-worn tragedy, wherein the heroine and hero were parted by death with a breaking heart. He could do nothing to stay the progress of the drama. Long Andy clashed, but he, also, was powerless. Then he turned to the one who had been the cause of it all, and he herself could do nothing—Hadley's intended, the daughter of Hadley, the miser's cultivated intellect, filled in with extraordinary confidence by her numerous up-to-date novels and drew her away from the scene of her lover's death, and her bereavement, all the village was astonished at the sudden return of the girl to Hadley's upon receiving the news, and her distress, and sympathized with her in her sorrow.

It is about this time Hazelton I wished to speak to you," said the minister, when the girl came forward, trembling, and with her face pale as death.

"I cannot speak of him," she answered, "I cannot speak of anything except that my heart is broken, and that the Lord has taken away, he cried in anguish, "but I will not murmur against the Lord's decree." Was not this Hazelton? His whole dream face bleached into a ghastly humility. The spirit that was in him broke down, and he fell on his knees, and cried out:

"The will be done."

He was dead ere it that night. Hazelton and his wife were to leave next morning for Edinburgh, but the sudden emergency in his troubled sleep drowned their departure. He was dead, and he knew the recurrence of nightmare was the result of his own sin. He had died in despair, and his wife, who had witnessed himself heartless. Before a threatening letter was found in the pocket of the deceased, which clinched its cheerless path over the dead man's face, and the fear of his fall now and then. Saturated and drenched with the rain, Hazelton died on, and as I stood was about to strike the door with my fist, I heard a voice within, a deep voice of the village, and I heard the words of the letter, which I had found in the pocket of

THE TEA TABLE.

Novel Sandwiches and Cakes That Make the Meal Epicurean.

Three dainty kickshaws have changed slightly from substantial slices of bread and butter—sandwiches, a slice of cake and a slice of cold meat or ham, which gained their name from the gambler, Earl of Sandwich, which, rather than leave the card table, had his food brought to him in that form. Sinces after many years they have increased to delicacies and dainties, and are served at the most elegant of teas, at balls or dinner parties, or even puff ladies.

This year it is said, that we are to see sandwiches made entirely of the sweet or savory portion, the slice of bread being replaced by a rather stiff jelly, sweet or savory to circumstances.

The most delicious sandwiches for these new fashioned affairs are those prepared by the woman's page. First of all, have ready some of the little cream cakes that you can wish to prepare, only remember that for the present you must have them a trifle richer than for ordinary modified jelly; in short, have them of the rich and delicious cakes and gelatine to every quart of liquid. Then prepare the jelly, to which add a proper quantity of gelatine.

Sandwiches a-Gladiateur—Line some little shallow sandwich moulds with thinly buttered aspic, laying at the bottom of each two round or half crescent pieces of ham; this is nearly set, spread on it a layer of chicken, cut in dice, mixed with a little layer of chopped pickled cucumber and a dessertspoonful of tomato sauce, to which you have added a good stock of aspic and curry powder to suit, lastly, cover with another layer of aspic, and leave till set. If you have any sandwich moulds run the aspic on a shallow tin, and when set cut out rounds, and then when you are ready to arrange with a sharp knife flicked in hot water.

Fry in an ounce of butter two peeled and chopped onions till delicately colored but not burned, then add to them one or two chillies powdered, a dessertspoonful of good curry powder, and a little salt; stir and cook over a moderate fire for about ten minutes, then add a pint of stock (aspic jelly and stock if it is at all weak), when it has been strained or rubbed through a fine sieve, simmer gently for half an hour, then rub through strained to it. Now line some sandwich moulds with thin slices of cold cooked chicken or any game or poultry, then fill the centre with the curry sauce, and finish with a layer of the curry puree, and finally with another layer of aspic. Turn out when perfectly set. The secret of all these delicacies is to have the aspic not enough to thin to mingle, but stiff enough not to give the fingers when lifted.

A la Ingenieur—Flake some cold, cooked salmon, and marinade these flakes for an hour in a little salad oil and lemon juice. Now prepare the following: Have ready a set of stiff rich mayonnaise colored with tomato, well-mustard, a pot of anchovy paste, and a little finely chopped parsley and capers. Now line the moulds as before with aspic, then on this, when nearly set, put a layer of the above mixture, then a layer in the slices of salmon, just as you fit them into the sandwich moulds, and cover with a layer of the sauce, and finally aspic jelly, and set.

A la Creme de Homard—Prepare some aspic jelly, and when it is nearly set add to it the meat of lobster cut in small dice, and a little finely chopped parsley, and a dessertspoonful of tarragon vinegar, then line and cover as above directed, and when set enough cut easier to cover a foundation of cream cheese, which you have ready, mixed with the cream out of a small pot of potted shrimps, working into it two tablespoonfuls of aspic mayonnaise and half a pint of liquid aspic; color it a very faint coloring with cochineal, and fill the sandwiches. Have ready also a puree made by pounding four cooked or salmon with the meat of two hard-boiled eggs, two anchovies, washed, boned, and filleted, and a good tablespoonful of thick cream, with, if necessary, a drop or two of cochineal to bring it to a pale pink color; rub the whole through a fine sieve, and mix it well together with the salad cream, then add to it enough of the cucumber puree, and then the salmon, finishing with cucumber and aspic cream. Turn out when set.

Noodles in aid that chicken, fished, cooked, and finely minced, or forced, with ham or tongue, minced sweetbread, or even asparagus points, etc., can all be used for the filling of these sandwiches with equal success.

A la Polvrade—Whisk well together a little mustard, pepper, and salt, and stir into it three or four tablespoonfuls of salad oil, one spoonful of chili vinegar, pepper and salt when this is well mixed add to it a teaspoonful of minced chives; or some French onions and enough finely minced anchovies beef or mutton to make it a nice consistency, then fill up the sandwiches beside with this mixture, and use when set.

A Beautiful Thrust.

The bread should be round, full and pliable—like and nothing will give these qualities so sufficient to daily exercise as that of kneading the bread completely around, several times in one direction and an equal number in the opposite way. This exercise fills out the hollows in the dough and strengthens the muscles as well. The arms are also developed by this exercise, and if we do not use our arms sufficiently to give them the muscular growth they need and to do away with the shortness of the elbows. Thin arms are only except when they are gracefully handled and that is seldom. Keeping the elbows away from the body in kneading is a good way to develop it. It is an admirable all-around exercise; arms over the chest is unlovely to a degree. Many a woman's throat worries when you see in that attitude and note the ugly creases of the back and the downward droop of the shoulders. A few weeks of kneading bread in the proper manner would do away with them. Keep your hands out of pockets, not when you find one who does actually do so you will see scores who offend.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 6 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The New Modes.

A feature of the new materials is the fancy braid trimmings. The dressmakers of Lutore have succeeded in procuring without much trouble, a braid resembling in every respect cut in a tailor-made costume unless you look very closely, when you will find it is cotton.

The skirts of the introductory tailor-made costumes are very full, and it is expected that it is impossible to give them the proper sweep unless they are worn over a bustle. Let this dry on before the facecloth is removed, and the finishing touch of polish will be the result. If the shoe-water, when it is first applied, is too wet, a soft wash leather will be found to be sufficient for polishing. Be careful to keep the shoe-water cool, as the grip preserves it from injury.

Handsome Presents Free.

The Ripans Tabule system of advertising, as it appears in the Agents' column on page 7 of this paper, is a most liberal one, and we recommend it to our readers as an unusually fine advertisement. They are giving away handsome watches, solid gold rings, sporting goods, musical instruments and many other things of value, and we feel sure that you will find the packages of Ripans English Ink Powder at 10 cents each, which you can buy at any druggist's, very useful indeed. They ask no money—send your name and address and they will send you the goods with premium list and full instructions. Ripans Tabules are the best medicine known for the cure of indigestion and constipation. This is an honest offer. They trust you. Don't fail to send for premium list. Write for the ninth today. Their advertisement is on page 7 of this paper. Look for it, and send for it with the top of column.

Hot Corn Bread.

Mix together one-half pint of buttermilk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, and one pint of meal. Add the meal last, and beat well. Pour into a hot buttered pan and bake in a quick oven about half an hour.

SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIANS.

We heartily recommend Dr Hathaway & Co., of 25 Swanton St., Chicago, Ill., as being perfectly reliable and remarkably successful physicians. Their system of treatment is new and up to date, and their cure is more thorough than that of many others fail. Our readers, if in need of medical assistance would certainly receive prompt attention and you will receive a fair and honest estimate of your case in return mail without cost; this certainly is a chance for those afflicted to get cured at once their cures. Write them today.

Roman Cream.

One quart of milk, the yolks of five eggs, twelve tablespoonfuls of sugar and one half box of gelatine. Heat the milk, heat the eggs well together with the sugar, dissolve the gelatine in water by soaking and then add to the above to a boiling custard. When done add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

Ham Salad.

Cut cold-half pound of raw ham into very thin slices. Boil a little of the fat in a frying pan and fry the strips quickly until crisp. Drain and set aside until cool. Arrange on a bed of shredded lettuce, sprinkle with chopped onion and pour hot over it a French dressing. Serve at once.

Two girls who have visited a custody on the seal and sensible gowns they wore on the occasion.

There was great sympathy for Micky Magee when the news went round that the poor soul had broken his leg falling out of his master's cake. The contrary brute of a boy, according to report, had gone out of his way to "reel across the mat's leg, and so had brought it to grief.

Micky'll never be the same man again," said Mary Quinn, taking the matter over at the forge, which, as the world knows, is the centre of all the gossip and all the news.

"Poor Micky, wirrasthrue!" mourned Lanty Mahon, who thought that Micky's little mate as no coward a shrewdness with, for "he was the first dancer an' the nateet leg an' foot in the barony!"

"As what about Mrs. Mack at all, Sayra?" asked Mrs. Farrell, who was in labor at the moment.

"Oh, by this an' by that!" answered Sayra, "is it bad his lot for her was then there, anyway. There's some women might be sorry for a broken leg, but I'm thinkin' it's not Mrs. Mack's way at all, at all."

Maybe 'tis no great matter either sir," said Micky, cheerfully, when the doctor had set it, "we got the broken wid, begor, sometimes we don't know owdyer-selves."

"True for you, Lanty," assented the gossips, and the matter was left.

Still there wasn't a man amongst them but was sorry for Micky, and when he came home Mrs. Mack under-demonstrated after the a soldier's widow, and had inherited a bit from her father-in-law, whom she had nursed devotedly. She was a tyrannical, apple-cheeked, comfortable little body, with no sex-hesitancy or shyness, as well as a man's woman, and she had a voice shrilly enough to lodge in the ear of a deaf adder, and was therefore much given to exercising it.

Micky's leg was pretty well mended when the first real quarrel took place between him and his wife. He had been going to dance a hornpipe at the christening supper of Mrs. Farrell's baby, and Mrs. Mack had taken a dislike to the idea. Micky, who was very fond of dancing, and who had been practising the hornpipe for a fortnight, was loath to give it up, and Mrs. Mack, who was very fond of her husband

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Peace hath her negotiations not less expensive than war.

The Minnesota Indians appear to be about ready to sign a protocol.

Spain doesn't seem to know that the previous question is not debatable.

This would seem to be Spain's opportunity while the Indians are attacking us from the rear.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani is going to Washington again, presumably to find out if she has been annexed.

It doesn't seem to be hard to put General Aguinaldo down. A brass band silenced him effectually the other day.

When a woman says that one of her children looks like her husband's family it is her way of admitting that it is not as good looking as the rest.

The Wisconsin man who gave up $15,000 of stolen money for the offered reward of $3,000 may console himself that it was much better than buying a gold brick.

Some surprise was expressed that King Humbert was not personally present at the funeral of the Empress of Austria. But it is explained that according to the etiquette of the House of Savoy—which in point of elasticity resembles the laws of the Medes and Persians—no reigning prince may be present at any funeral outside of his own realm.

No matter what General Wheeler may say, no matter how much he protests that he alone was to blame for all that was wrong at Camp Wikoff, it is a fact that drunken, inefficient doctors had charge of the sick there; that, as a naval officer testifies, one surgeon remained for days in a drunken state and neglected all the patients in his charge, and that General Wheeler himself exposed the disgraceful incapacity of some of the medical men.

The Mauser rifles, 3,000 in number, captured from the Spanish troops in Cuba, have been ordered shipped to the armory at Springfield, Massachusetts, where they will be thoroughly overhauled and placed in good order, either for use by our own troops or for sale. If they are better rifles than those now in use in our own army they should be kept, otherwise it would be a good idea to sell them as souvenirs, as has been proposed, and purchase new Krag-Jorgensens with the proceeds. No war was ever ended more speedily or in better shape than that which was brought to a close by our Krag-Jorgensens. The Mausers made a poor showing—at least in Spanish hands.

The British war office has received applications from George C. Smith, an inventor at Cardiff, who proposes to furnish an electric gun. This invention, Mr. Smith claims, is the most destructive agency in battle yet devised. He believes that by means of the electric gun he can blow up a man-of-war, a fleet of warships, or even a whole navy if it comes within a range of fifteen to twenty miles. A fort, a submarine mine, or any place containing explosives is just as vulnerable to the electric gun. It matters not how thick the armor may be, Mr. Smith is convinced that it cannot be made proof against electricity. The use he makes of the electric gun is to discharge simultaneously all the ammunition, powder and shells contained in the ship or fort attacked. Thus being set off by the electrical contact the ammunition forces of the ship prove her own destruction. It collapses, rent into fragment by the explosion.

It is reported that a use has been found for liquefied air, the possibilities of which have been matters of discussion among scientific men for some time. According to the Mining Review, a discovery was made recently by which it is now practicable to use liquefied air in underground work such as mining, driving tunnels, and sinking shafts. It is said that under proper conditions the liberation of air from the liquid can be effective in generating power with which to run drills under ground, pumps, hoists, etc., while cool air can also be supplied in the deepest mines. The liquor air can also be used in freezing soft ground, making tunnel cutting less hazardous and tedious. If there is any reliability in this reported discovery, and its success can be practically demonstrated, it will make a new departure in the lines of work named, and once again make the genius of science the soul of industrial progress.

A MOUNTAIN NYMPH

OR THROUGH LOVE'S CRUCIBLE

BY E. BURK COLLINS

SYNOPSIS.

[Finley Warburton, an old and feeble millionaire, has two nephews, Edgar Warner and Herbert Wentworth, Edgar being the favorite and prospective heir until the uncle visits the mountains of Tennessee and is nursed back to life by a beautiful girl, Belinda Wynne, who afterward comes to nurse him at his home. The old man wants Edgar to marry the girl and so share the fortune between them. He refuses and goes away to make his way in the world. A will made by the uncle is stolen. The old man is desirous and unable to make a new one, but is on the point of recovery when Herbert steals into the room and causes a relapse. He is then accosted by a man to whom he owes a large sum of money, and to make a raise he becomes engaged to Doris Arnold, the daughter of a banker. Belinda reads a letter from Edgar and learns what is expected of her. She is filled with horror. That night Herbert enters the sick chamber, chloroforms Belinda, robs the safe, strangles his uncle, and leaves an overcoat belonging to Edgar in the room. Edgar is arrested for the murder of his uncle. The last will found leaves all the property to Edgar save $30,000; which goes to Herbert. At the reading of the will the robbery of the safe is discovered. Herbert proposes to Belinda.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

"It was large for him, and must have slipped from his finger," he said in a low tone. "Mr. Jordan, this ring will attract metal in an almost miraculous way. The tourmalin would locate all missing steel implements, keys, etc."

"And I say," said the lawyer, turning over the bunch of keys in his hand, "that the safe key is not here."

He had already removed the seals from the lock of the safe. He now proceeded to try one after another of the keys on the ring, but all in vain. Not one would fit the lock.

"Herbert," cried Edgar impulsively, "it must be in your pocket! See, the tourmalin points in your direction, and when you change places it changes also."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Herbert, but his face wore a frightened expression. "I have no keys at all. Don't you think, Mr. Jordan, you will have to break it open?"

"I suppose so," assented the lawyer, "and with the proper tools I can do it myself."

Fifteen minutes later the safe door stood open, revealing emptiness; "only that and nothing more." The group fell back aghast. Mr. Jordan uttered a broken cry.

"My heavens, Edgar, there were $50,000 in that safe!" he ejaculated. "I know, for I saw it, and remonstrated with Warburton over it and only got my trouble for my pains. This thing will have to be looked into. That money must be found!"

That evening, just at sunset, Herbert Wentworth stole out into the grounds and went straight to where an old well stood which had fallen into disuse. He paused and glanced carefully around; then he took from his pocket two small objects. One was the red tourmalin, the other a flat key. With one more furtive glance he stepped swiftly forward and dropped them into the well. Then he turned and went swiftly, softly back to the house.

Just outside he found Belinda. She was sitting in a pretty rustic summer-house; he went slowly to her side, quite overcome by the girl's delicate beauty. From the hour of their first meeting this man had loved Belinda Wynne as much as such a nature can love. At sight of her now every thought of honor, of Doris Arnold, fled from his heart. He took the girl's passive hand in his own and gazed full into the beautiful, sorrowful face.

"Belinda! Belinda!" he cried softly, "look up, dear, and tell me I am not to plead in vain! I love you, Belinda. I love you with all my heart. I am rich enough now to give you a pretty home, and oh, my heart! we will be so happy! Darling, I ask you to be my wife. Will you, Belinda? Will you marry me at once, and let me take you away?"

CHAPTER X.

THE FIFTEENTH OF JUNE.

Belinda half started to her feet, pale and trembling, then she sank back once more, and covered her face with her disengaged hand.

"Won't you listen, Belinda?" went on the villain boldly, "for indeed I love you very dearly and want you to be my wife."

She drew her hand from his clasp and, turning faced him bravely.

"Mr. Wentworth, you surprise me," she faltered. "I—I—had never thought of such a thing. We are strangers, you and I, and you have really no right to address me in this way. I am a country girl, it is true," she went on vehemently, gaining courage as she proceeded, "but I know what is due a lady in the way of respect and courtesy—"

"Belinda!"

His voice sounded anxious and full of solicitude.

"Good heavens, child! I never for one moment intended to be lacking in either courtesy or respect toward you. Only, sometimes, love creeps into a man's heart unawares, unsuspected, until at last his eyes are open, and he sees the beautiful flower of love full grown, and occupying every niche in his heart. And then, then it is too late to transplant it, even if that were desirable. I could never forget you, no matter what happened; never lose you from my heart; the image of your sweet face, the music of your voice, the charm of your presence. Oh, Belinda! Belinda! no woman was ever loved more dearly, more tenderly, more truly than you!"

The girl's head drooped. She was a tender-hearted thing, and love had never stirred her young heart, save that wild, untutored emotion which had been awakened to life by the pictured features of Edgar Warner, before she had met him, and never once had she thought of merging his identity into that of the photograph in her possession. The words that Herbert Wentworth spoke were new to her ears, and they were sweet to the starved heart.

For Wentworth himself she had little thought, for she had never once given him serious consideration, but she felt the charm of his personality. The words he spoke thrilled her by their very newness. But when she would have spoken, would have given him some encouragement, perhaps, because of the natural craving for affection that filled her heart, she felt as though her tongue were dumb. She could find no words to utter. Perhaps the girl's good angel was hovering near, striving to protect her in her need.

Still, Herbert Wentworth's influence made itself felt. The hour; the tender sunset, with its crimson and golden glory; the scene, so fair and sweet, in the pretty, suburban garden, with the birds singing their soft good-night songs, and a sweet peace brooding over everything. Somehow, it crept into the girl's heart and made it very tender.

"Do not let me plead in vain, dear," murmured the lover's impassioned voice, "for my whole heart is wrapped up in this one sweet hope, and I pray you to make me happy. What is your answer, Belinda?"

"I am too surprised and confused," she returned shily, "I can not decide now, Mr. Wentworth."

"There is no one else?" he questioned, eagerly, anxiously. "You do not love—"

"I love no one!" she cried; and while his heart leaped with satisfaction, he still observed that the answer left him also outside the pale. He seized her hand once more and held it close. No man had ever held that little brown hand with a lover's clasp before in Belinda Wynne's short life. It thrilled her unconsciously. Without realizing it, she was gradually suffering herself to be led, wooed into the veriest Fool's Paradise ever known. He perceived the slight, unconscious yielding, and the sleepy blue eyes flashed with triumph.

"Do not answer me now, Belinda," he said in that soft, seductive voice, "take time. I will not urge you now. Think it all over and let me know later. Take a week, a month."

"I will," (eagerly.) "I will wait one month and then give you your answer. One month from today, Mr. Wentworth, I promise to tell you."

"And make me the very happiest of men, I trust," he interpolated eagerly. "Very well, my darling, for in spite of everything, no matter what your answer may be, you are in my heart forever, my darling, my queen among women."

He stopped short, and a frown disfigured his handsome features. A servant stood before him, bearing a silver waiter upon which lay a letter.

"For you, Mr. Wentworth," said the man obsequiously; but at sight of the superscription the frown deepened upon Herbert's face. Belinda turned away, a little frightened. She arose.

"I will leave you to read your letter," she said simply, "and indeed I ought not to be out here so long."

He crushed the letter into his vest pocket unopened and motioned her to the seat at his side.

"The letter is nothing; is of no importance," he said. "Sit down again and let us have a quiet talk. I want you to learn my disposition and ways, and judge with clear eyes if you can be happy with me. For I am going to make you my wife, come what may!"

She shrank a little at the imperious tone, the determined flash of the blue eyes, but she seated herself once more nevertheless, as though compelled by some irresistible fascination.

"I will wait one month for your answer, dear," he went on slowly, "and I hope and pray it will be the one I wish. This is the 15th of May. On the 15th of June I shall expect my answer. What is that?"

As someone crashed through the shrubbery close at the side of the small summer-house. It was Edgar Warner. He came hastily forward, as he caught a glimpse of the couple seated familiarly side by side. It startled him; yet with it all he had no conception of the real state of affairs, and the subject of conversation between them. Still an imperceptible doubt crept into his heart, and something warned him that she was in danger. He stopped short, unawed by Herbert's dark looks and frowning brow.

"Miss Wynne," he said hesitatingly, "it is cool this evening; you should have a wrap. Allow me—"

He turned as though to go to the house for a wrap, but the spell was broken. Belinda started to her feet and a slight crimson flushed her cheeks for a moment.

"Thank you, but I am going in now," she said; and would have hastened away, but Herbert checked her with an involuntary gesture.

"I will see you again," he observed significantly.

Belinda bowed and smiled absently.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," was her answer. "I am not going to leave for a day or two."

"Leave!"

The word slipped unawares from Edgar's lips.

"You are not going to leave us so soon, Miss Wynne?" he asked. "That is, if I may be permitted to inquire."

Belinda arched her eyebrows.

"Why, this is not my home, Mr. Warner," she said slowly. "I must go back to my father. I expect to go in a day or two, as soon as I am rested."

"I wish you would stay longer!" he exclaimed impulsively.

And then, for the first time, their eyes met. A strange, sharp pang contracted Belinda's heart for a moment; she grew very pale.

"Thank you; you are very kind," she made answer, "but it is impossible, Mr. Warner."

And then there was the flutter of black skirts, and she was gone. How dark everything looked! Edgar was about to turn away, but Herbert called him by name.

"See here," he said almost rudely, "I wish to call your attention to the fact that Belinda Wynne is my promised wife."

Edgar's eyes met his with a glance of cool contempt.

"Impossible!" he ejaculated.

"Quite possible!" sneered Herbert in return. "I have no more to say, only to suggest that you attend to your own affairs. Though, of course," (with an ill-concealed sneer,) "there is not much chance or danger of any girl looking twice at you! For even with all your money, Mr. Edgar Warner, you are a criminal in the eyes of the law."

"If others had their just deserts," suggested Edgar significantly; but he did not finish. Herbert sprang to his feet, white and wrathful.

"How dare you?" he was beginning, but something seemed to check him, and he sank into the seat once more, wiping the perspiration from his brow. With a contemptuous glance Edgar moved away, and Herbert was alone. Then he took from his pocket the letter that had come to him, and tore it open. His lips curled slightly, as he read in a girlish, unformed hand:

"My Dear Herbert:—I was so grieved to hear of your uncle's dreadful death; you have my heartfelt sympathy. I miss you so much, dear, and I shall be glad when you are able to come to me again. Of course there is much to do, and you are occupied with your private business, and I do not mean to be selfish or exacting, but, oh, dear, dear Herbert, I miss you so! And I am lonely and sad. Papa is going to Europe directly after we—after the 15th of June, the day, you know?"

The letter fell from his hand, and for a moment his face grew pale as death. The 15th of June! The very date that Belinda had set to give him her answer to his proposal of marriage; yet it was the day that had been set apart for his marriage with Doris Arnold. And he, alas! for poor Doris, had forgotten it! He picked the letter up and went on reading it, but there was a hunted look in his eyes, and the lip half hidden by the gold-brown moustache quivered slightly.

"We shall be so happy, dear Herbert!" (the tender, girlish words smote him to the heart, inspite of its cruel hardness.)

"I am thinging of it all the time. I will be such a good little wife to you, dear, that you will think yourself a fortunate man. Oh! Herbert! Herbert! do not fail me! If you were to give me up, or let anything or anybody come between us, it would break my heart. I could never bear it, Herbert—never! But, there! what a little dunce I am. Of course nothing will come between us, nothing could come, but death; and, surely, God would not part us now, when we love each other so dearly, and are so happy in that love. Come to me as soon as possible—as soon as you can leave that sad old home, with the darksome shadow resting upon it. Your love, DORIS."

Herbert Wentworth crumpled the creamy sheet of paper in one strong hand, and a strange expression flashed into his blue eyes. He set his teeth close together and whispered under his breath:

"Little fool! It is absolutely insufferable! If it were not for her money I would never look upon her face again! This silly, mawkish love is sickening, and hateful to me."

He started up, crushing the crumpled letter into his pocket; and then his eyes fell upon the approaching figure of a man. A man attired in a neat-fitting business suit; a very ordinary, pleasant-looking fellow. There was nothing to indicate outwardly that he was one of the sharpest, shrewdest detectives on the private police force. He came straight up to Herbert and held out his hand.

"Good evening, Mr. Wentworth," he said in a low tone. "Just walk a little way with me, around the grounds, will you? I have come to make [illegible] report."

Herbert pa[illegible] arm familiarly through that of the [illegible]ve, and they strolled away together. [illegible]e out of sight of the house, the new arrival began in a low, confidential tone:

"Well, I have m[illegible]e the examination you desired, and I hav[illegible] to report that Arnold, the banker is on the eve of failure. If something does not happen to save him, if some one does not come to his rescue within a month—the—State [illegible]nk will be compelled to suspend payment, [illegible]d its doors be closed to the public. Old [illegible]rnold is irretrievably ruined unless a m[illegible]acle intervenes to save him!"

CHAPTER XI.

HOME AGAIN!

For a moment Herbert Wentworth seemed incapable of speech. He knew the status and ability of the man before him; the keen alertness of his brain, and his power as a detective. He knew that there could be no mistake in the man's verdict; and this knowledge coming slowly home to him simply staggered him.

His suspicions that all was not well with the old banker had first been aroused by his strange eagerness in regard to the marriage between Herbert and his daughter. The evident satisfaction with which he entertained the idea; the feverish eagerness with which he had proposed an early marriage, and his assistance in making all the necessary arrangements therefor. It was all borne in upon his mind now, and in his secret heart Herbert Wentworth cursed his own precipitancy. So now, he knew the reasons for old Arnold's consenting so readily to the marriage. It was for the purpose of saving himself from ruin. Believing Herbert to be co-heir with Edgar to the Warburton millions, Arnold had naturally argued with himself that his rich son-in-law would come

"Read it at once Doris, my child and let us know the worst."

to his assistance rather than see the bank doors closed and business ruined.

It was all clear now, and Herbert realized his own position. He stood there, gnawing his moustache, while the detective went on to explain. He had examined every detail. He had made himself acquainted with Mr. Arnold's private affairs so thoroughly that it seemed perfectly wonderful. How he had managed it, Herbert could not imagine, and did not pretend to guess. It sufficed that the banker was on the verge of ruin, and was evidently relying upon his future son-in-law for succor. The frown that darkened Wentworth's handsome face was not good to see.

"Curses upon it!" he muttered. "I would never have considered the possibility of a marriage with that insipid little fool had I not believed her father to be a rich man. And now it is too late! Is it? My heavens! no, it shall not be!"

Some men, with their minds made up to a certain course of action, would have gone at once to the girl who loved and trusted him so, and would have lain the case before her, and asked to be released. Cold-blooded cruelty as this would have been, it would have been honest at least. But not Herbert Wentworth. Such a course was altogether too open and above board to suit his taste. He preferred to keep up the farce a little longer; keep in the background, and at last sneak out of all responsibility; leaving her to grieve herself to death, which the gentle, sensitive little creature might indeed do. Doris was so exceedingly tender-hearted, a loving, gentle little soul; and when she loved she would give all without reserve, keeping back nothing.

The depth of passion and abandon of her love were something unusual to witness in a girl of her years. Its very force and strength repelled Herbert Wentworth for the simple reason that he had never loved her in return, and all purity jarred upon his unregenerate nature. Face to face with her purity, this hardened sinner shrank back abashed. He felt uneasy and uncomfortable in her gentle presence. The heartfelt, soulful [illegible] of her eyes stirred the muddy depths of his cruel, wicked nature, and what little shame he was capable of he experienced in her presence.

As he stood there, at the detective's side, the true state of affairs came slowly home to his heart, and made him tremble with terror; a shrinking that was very like fear.

"Curse it!" he muttered once more, that cruel light deepening slowly in his eyes. "I will get free from this entanglement! I will! I will!"

He turned to the detective, who, having told his story, stood still and impassive, waiting for what was to come.

"You have done me a great service, Daniels," he said in a meaning voice; "I thank you, at the same time that I give you something more substantial."

He slipped a folded bank note into the detective's hand.

"There! I hope you are fully satisfied," he added. The man touched his hat.

"Thank you," he returned in a cautious tone, "and if I learn anything more, shall I communicate it?"

"Yes. At the usual address. Good evening!"

The detective nodded and walked slowly away. Once he turned and looked back, his eyes riveted upon that tall, graceful figure standing still as a statue, outline against the evening sky. A defiant look crossed the man's face.

"I'll look out for you, too, my friend, while I am about it!" he said softly, in a meaning tone. Then a turn in the path hid him, and silence fell over the scene. Herbert began to pace up and down the long walk, his arms folded upon his chest, a disagreeable expression upon his face. He was working out the problem that confronted him, and finding it hard to arrive at a solution. At last he turned and left the grounds, entering a passing street car and was soon ringing the door bell at the Arnold mansion. Doris received him with ill-concealed delight. The lovely face was all aglow, the tender eyes shone with happiness. She threw her arms about his neck and held him as though she would never let him go.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she whispered. "I am so happy, so very happy, that I can scarcely contain myself. The days have seemed endless since you were last here!"

"My little love!" he whispered.

Two days later Belinda said good-by to Mrs. Hall and the few who were interested in her fate, and set out on her journey to the old home and the dear old father. Her heart was very tender as she thought of him while the train whirled along.

"Dear old dad!" she murmured softly, the tears rushing to her eyes, "how surprised and glad he will be!"

And then, glancing up, she uttered a low cry. The door of the coach had just opened to admit a man; that man was Herbert Wentworth. He came swiftly to her side and threw himself into the seat beside her.

"Belinda!" he said softly, "you surely did not think I would allow you to go so far alone?" he asked reproachfully. "No, indeed, my bonny love, so I am going as far as Washington with you."

She was not sorry. It was pleasant to have company; and she could not keep the welcome out of her eyes and voice, as she replied;

"I hope you are not inconveniencing yourself in any way, Mr. Wentworth? Of course I am glad of your company."

In the hours that passed Herbert Wentworth exerted himself.

All his powers of fascination were brought to bear upon the innocent girl; and it was small wonder that before they parted, she had come to believe him almost perfection.

But that night, while trying to sleep in her berth on the Pullman sleeper, Belinda drifted into unconsciousness and dreamed a strange dream. She thought that Finley Warburton's tomb was open and that, peering within it, she saw only snakes! A writhing, horrible, squirming mass of reptiles; and each one seemed to have the face and features, every lineament of Herbert Wentworth. A cold shiver ran over the girl's frame. She struggled violently, and at last awoke. The early dawn was creeping slowly through the window at her side; the mountains were beginning to rear their mist-crowned heads aloft. "Her feet were on her native heath;" the heart in her breast grew tender, and gave a great bound of rapture. Ah! to the mountaineer there is nothing like the mountains! There never could be! All the beauties of the earth pale into insignificance when lying low beneath the feet. "Too low they build who build beneath the stars!" but, to be compelled to look up, to raise one's eyes to the grandeur before you, it is simply indescribable, and with what swelling rapture the heart overflows.

"'Hame, hame, to my own countree,'" she hummed softly, as she made her simple toilet, and then sat down to wait.

"Hillgirt!" called a brakeman, some hours later.

"Hillgirt!" the conductor took up the refrain. The train slowed, and came at length to a standstill. Belinda arouse to her feet and, taking the antiquated bag, made her way from the car. No one at home expected her. She had written them and told the story of the disappearance of Finley Warburton's will; but not a line had she received in reply.

So there was no one to meet her. Her heart felt suddenly oppressed with a chill sensation; and yet it was no more than could be expected under the circumstances.

At length she discovered an old mountaineer, a stranger to her, who was going in the direction of her home, in his queer-covered wagon. She ventured to ask him to allow her to ride, offering him a silver dollar for the privilege. The man's sunken eyes brightened with incredulous delight. Dollars do not grow on every bush in the mountains, and the old fellow was glad to get it. So Belinda climbed up into the primitive vehicle and they set forth, with much cracking of the whip and loud adjurations addressed to the long-suffering oxen.

It was a slow and toilsome journey, the day was well nigh spent when at last the girl's sharp eyes descried faint wreaths of blue smoke arising from the stone chimney of the stooping old brown farm house nestling at the foot of the mountain. And then the pasture was reached. Cocoa was standing at the bars, looking over with eager, wistful eyes. Something struck to Belinda's heart with a curious sensation.

"I will get down here," she said to the mountaineer, anxious to be rid of him. So he helped her to alight, and, having paid him, she turned eagerly toward the house. A moment more and she was in her mother's presence.

In a coarse linsey gown, the sleeves rolled up over her skinny arms, Hannah Wynne stood at the kitchen table making biscuit for supper; heavy, yellow with soda, indigestible to any one but a hungry mountaineer. She turned at sight of Belinda. Not a muscle of her hard face relaxed.

"So! you've come home!" she ejaculated. "Wal, I'm powerful glad of it, though what you went for, since you didn't git no fortune, is more'n I kin say. Come in and set down. Belindy, you've got to git to work now, so take off your best duds and come here and help me git supper. Ain't heard the news I s'spose?"

As Belinda hesitated, shrinking back involuntarily, with a premonition of coming trouble. "No? Wal, your dad, he's fell and hurt hisself; fell on a pile o' stones and broke his leg; and he's laid up for good, I reckon! Strange you didn't git my letter," as Belinda uttered a cry of sorrow. "I've had a turrible time ever sense it happened. I kin tell you! I don't know what on airth we'd a done if 't'want for Nate Gregg! He's been my only help! He's come here to stay, Belinda!"

And turning, the girl saw, with a sudden sinking of the heart, standing before her, with a servile smirk upon his ugly face, the tall, gaunt, awkward figure of Nathan Gregg!

CHAPTER XII.

HER WEDDING DAY.

"Oh! Aunt Ophelia, it seems so strange that I, little, silly Doris Arnold, should really be engaged, and the day of days is the 15th of the month. Only think! just three days more for me to be little Doris Arnold; to wear my hair tied back with a ribbon, and my dresses not quite to the floor; and to be at heart a school girl! Only three more days, and then I must assume dignity, if it be possible. How shall I look with my hair 'done up' regularly, fashionably, and my dresses sweeping the floor?"

"Dear me; Doris, how you do run on!"

Miss Ophelia Arnold, 60 and a spinster—can any one imagine a more forlorn fate—glanced up from the embroidery in her hand with a look of mild surprise. Doris shook back all her gold-brown hair and laughed merrily. A sweet, girlish laugh which did one good to hear.

"But, auntie, it does seem so funny!" she went on, still with that tender smile that seemed to illumine her face. "And, papa has been so good to me, and has spent so much money on my trousseau. Have you seen it yet?"

Miss Ophelia shook her head.

"No. But I should like to. We will go now to look at the pretty things, if you like, Doris."

And, with quite as much interest as if she had been young and a belle, Miss Ophelia arose and followed the light, dancing figure of the little bride-expectant into a large, handsome chamber where the wedding finery was exposed. Miss Ophelia came to a halt with a little cry of delight. Such a wedding gown as surely no little maid had ever had before. Soft white filmy lace over glistening creamy satin; a dainty and costly set of pearls; fine laces; lovely silks; soft, fairy-like materials fashioned into gowns which were dreams of beauty. Miss Ophelia held up her hands in wondering surprise.

"Its grand! and it is awful too, such a lot of money it all must have cost!" she exclaimed. "And yet, Doris, it is none too good for you! You are a good, sweet, kind girl, and have never hurt any one's feelings in your life. I am glad, truly glad that you have all these fine things; and that my brother has seen fit to give his only daughter an outfit worthy of her. I am glad you are happy, dear!"

Her voice was slightly tremulous; she stooped and kissed the fresh, young face.

"And do you really love this Mr. Wentworth, Doris? Do you love him so very much?"

The girl's laughing face grew suddenly grave; the tender eyes drooped; the sweet mouth quivered.

"Love him, Aunt Ophelia? I love him so dearly that I believe if anything should happen to part us it would kill me! Don't look so horrified, Aunt Ophelia! I do not want to think of such a thing," and a slight shudder passed over the delicate frame. Miss Ophelia's plain face looked very grave. Did the kind old eyes, gazing into futurity, catch a glimpse of what was in store for her darling? Her eyes grow moist and tender; she laid her hand lightly upon the girl's gold-brown head.

"Dear little Doris!" she said softly, "I pray to God that you will be happy; and never regret this very important step you are about to take. You will be a good and faithful wife, of that I am certain. I hope and trust that Herbert Wentworth is worthy of you."

"He is!"

The girl's great eyes shone like stars.

"Oh, auntie, he is indeed! Believe me, dear auntie; he is so kind, so true and noble, I am not half worthy of him!"

Poor, poor child! Poor, deceived, misguided child! To mate with a thief and murderer, and not dream the depths of his infamy; and that he was no more worthy to be her husband than that Satan could match with an angel of light.

She stood there among the heaps of fashionable finery, with "sheen of satin, and glimmer of pearls," her sweet, flower-like face full of awe at the though that this man loved her; yet had she known the truth, really known it, without the possibility of mistake, she would have been utterly crushed.

Miss Ophelia thought of the wickedness of the world, and her kind heart shrank back appalled from the thought that Doris might be forced to learn it.

"God help her!" she whispered under her breath. "I, who know the child's nature so well, its tenderness and sensitiveness, as well as her great capacity for loving, I say that if this man should fail her, if his love should change or die, if he should prove false to her, it would kill her, it would kill her!"

But Miss Ophelia did not know, did not dream, that the fate in store for Doris Arnold was worse than death. For death ends all—here, at any rate.

The preparations went forward with due celerity. It was to be the grandest wedding known in many a day, even in the old Quaker city, where grand weddings are of frequent occurrence. The society journals teemed with the descriptions of the trousseau; the wonderful jewels; the flower-like beauty of the bride. The preparations for the event were noised abroad, and made just the impression that the banker intended that they should. He had paid the press liberally for their publication. It gave him a name for boundless wealth and generosity.

He looked jaded and worn, this proud old man, as he went about his daily avocations. But the passing clouds upon his face were attributed to the loss of his daughter and only child. Some of the shrewder gossips commented that after all, he was not really losing her; but as the marriage was greatly approved by him there was no need of sympathy with him over his loss.

The day came at last; "the day of days." The preparations were all completed; flowers ordered in great profusion to decorate the house, which looked like fairy land. A splendid collation was prepared in the spacious dining-room; tables were spread with finest damask, and glittering with cut glass, rare old china, and gold and silver; while over all, the faint, sweet incense of flowers floated like a blessing.

Doris had scarcely seen Herbert for the last few days; but she excused it on the plea that he was busy. As though a real lover could ever be too busy to steal a few moments, a few sweet, last moments, with the woman he loved before the solemn vows were spoken and the new life begun.

The night before the wedding day he had called for a few hurried moments. There were others present, and Doris had no opportunity for the sweet, loving words that were dearer and more welcome to her tender, worldly heart than all this glitter and show of preparation. Aunt Ophelia, old and worldly-wise, noted the omission, the absence of the bridegroom elect, and an uneasy look crept into her faded, gray eyes. A vague premonition that something was wrong took possession of her heart.

"If he should fail in any way toward this innocent child, he will deserve the curse of heaven upon his head."

And Miss Ophelia did not stop to consider that it is rarely the villain who gets punishment in this world. The kinder, more gentle and good a woman is, the more she seems doomed to suffer on earth. Let us hope that there is enough in the hereafter to make up for the losses here; if it were not so, the prospect would be maddening.

There were to be no bridesmaids or any attendants at the wedding; no ushers or best man.

"Let us just stand up together, my darling, before the man of God," (so Herbert had argued at the first,) "and take upon us the solemn vows which will bind our lives together for all time."

Whatever he wished was law to her; and for him to express a desire was to have it granted. So it was all arranged. There were therefore, no bevy of bridesmaids fluttering about; nothing to share the perfect beauty and grace of the young bride.

Arrayed in rustling gray satin, Miss Ophelia moved about in stately silence. She felt a strange, uneasy sensation, and her heart was sad. Something awful seemed to hang over them all, like a cloud. Eight had been the hour appointed for the ceremony; and long before it struck the great drawing-rooms of the Arnold mansion were filled with friends and eager guests, impatient to see and be seen. Up in her handsome chamber the little bride was standing before the mirror, while her maid put the finishing touches to her costume. Aunt Ophelia hovered in the background, anxious to be with the child, this child who had no mother, yet fearing all the time something, she knew not what.

All ready at last. Nothing more to be done; the last touches given. Over the great house a silence had suddenly descended; a hush had fallen, while all awaited the coming of the groom.

"He surely will not be late!" exclaimed Aunt Ophelia, with growing displeasure. Doris' cheeks flushed.

"Oh, no, auntie!" she cried. "But, even if he should be a little delayed, it is no wonder, for he had so much to do."

"Humph!" Aunt Ophelia sniffed scornfully. "Poor excuse for a bridegroom!"

But she marked the pained look upon the face of the little bride, and said no more.

Half past eight! Still the bridegroom had not arrived. Fifteen minutes to nine! Then nine struck with a sonorous echo from the chuch steeple a block or two away. Still no signs of Herbert Wentworth, no excuse for his unwarrantable conduct. The moments dragged slowly by; it was 10 o'clock at last; all hope of his coming had died out of the heart of the outraged girl. One by one the guests arose and donned their wraps to return home, with half averted faces and hearts full of sorrow and regret that this terrible thing had come upon the sweet girl who had so few enemies.

Upstairs in her own room the little bride was sitting like a statue; not a word or a sound had passed her lips in over an hour. All at once she arose to her feet, her head bent in the attitude of listening. "Some one," she faltered feebly, "is coming."

"Humph! It is high time!" sneered Miss Ophelia, who could no longer control her righteous indignation. Up the stairs came the tramp of feet; some one rapped at the door of the room. Miss Ophelia threw it open, and saw her brother standing upon the threshold. He was pale and agitated.

"Here, this is for Doris," he said hoarsely, thrusting a sealed letter into his sister's hand. "Read it at once, Doris, my child, and let us know the worst."

With trembling, shaking little fingers, the girl tore the envelope open These words stared her in the face, and burned themselves into her brain in letters of fire:

"Dear Doris:—I have waited until the last moment, for I am a coward, you see! Doris, I do not love you; it has all been a mistake. I believed your father a rich man, and so I asked you to marry me; for I was almost penniless. But I have just learned that he is on the verge of ruin, and I decline to carry out my share of the contract.

"When you read this, I shall be far away. Try and forgive

"HERBERT WENTWORTH."

She stood there, wavering, wavering; then with a heartbroken moan, which they who heard it never forgot, she fell to the floor like a stone. The light of reason had gone out in her brain; beautiful, tender-hearted Doris Arnold was insane!

(To be continued next week.)

Recent Inventions.

Racks for holding packages in railroad cars are made adjustable by a Texas man's device in which the rack is mounted on cords suspended from pulleys in the top of the car, with weights at the other ends of the ropes to balance the racks at any height.

An improved receptacle for condensed milk has a piston set in the cover, to be pressed down by the thumb and force the milk through a tube running from the bottom of the cup to the tip of the spout.

A handy vegetable slicer is formed of a series of knives set in the bottom of a central opening on a standard, with a slotted head hung on a lever above to fit over the knives and force the vegetables through the cutters into a receptacle below.

The depth of water under a ship can be quickly ascertained by a new sounding apparatus consisting of a casing suspended from a sliding ball, which is attached to the end of a cord or wire running to the deck, the weight of the casing breaking the electric current until it strikes bottom.

Live minnows for bait can be attached to a hook with little injury by a new holder, consisting of a single piece of wire bent to form an eyelet in the center, with the ends pointed toward each other, to be inserted in the sides of the fish.

Words can be automatically counted on a typewriter by a simple device which has a number of dials set in a frame with a lever at one end to reach under the end of the space bar as the counter rests on the table to operate the mechanism which moves the indicator on the dial.

What Scrofula Is.

Scrofula is a disease as old as antiquity. It has been handed down for generations and is the same today as in early times. It is emphatically a disease of the blood, and the only way to cure it is by purifying the blood. That is just what Hood's Sarsaparilla does in every case where it is given a faithful trial. It eradicates all impurities from the blood, and cures the sores, boils, pimples and all forms of skin disease due to scrofula taints in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla has won the grateful praise of vast numbers of people by its grand and complete cures. Don't allow scrofula to develop in your blood. Cure it at once by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Problem in Algebra.

Tattered N. Torn—Our finances ain't an unknown quantity.

Traveling Tank—They ain't? Why?

T. N. T.—'Cause if they were they'd be equal to an X. Guess you wasn't educated in algebra.

A Wise Bird.

Young Turkey—I notice you haven't eaten enough to feed a bird lately? Are you sick or do you think this is Lent?

Old Turkey—I have reasons of my own.

Less than eighty years ago the offense of murdering a horse was punished by death in England.

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To anyone getting us a boy to sell these papers in any town or village where we have no agent. Boys make 40 PER CENT profit. Write at once.

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MORAN, OF THE LADY LETTY.

A STORY OF ROUGH LIFE AT SEA.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

SYNOPSIS.

[Ross Wilbur, a society man of San Francisco and a graduate of Yale, while on the city's waterfront, is accosted by a sailor, who asks for a light for his pipe. The sailor engages him in conversation, and drinks are proposed. Immediately after the drinks Wilbur loses consciousness, which he regains only to find himself on board a filthy schooner anchored out in the bay. He remonstrated with the captain, who orders him forward, and promptly knocks him down when he refuses to obey. Capt. Kitchell chooses Wilbur for his watch, instructs him in seamanship and incidentally tells him the object of the cruise. They run into a school of turtles. Wilbur, pulling an oar in the small boat, shows himself a good oarsman. A wrecked bark sighted and boarded. Wilbur's discovery. Moran, daughter of the Lady Letty's captain, taken aboard the schooner. The body of captain of the Lady Letty is thrown overboard. His will destroyed by Kitchell. In a sudden squall Moran proves herself a sailor of ability. The Lady Letty sinks, carrying Kitchell with her. Moran assumes command of the schooner. The Chinese crew will not allow the craft to return to San Francisco. Arrival at Magdalena bay. Sharks abundant. Unaccountable lifting of the schooner. Desolate shore of Magdalena bay. Chinese are superstitious and leave the schooner. Moran and Wilbur decide to sail for San Francisco. A strange looking craft appears. Chinese beachcombers ask aid to recover a whale. A fortune in its carcass leads to a fight aboard the schooner. Beachcombers secure the ambergris. The Bertha Millner springs a leak and is beached. Moran and Wilbur's first talk of love. Sleep upon the sandy beach. Charlie wants to make terms. Beachcombers' junk wrecked.

CHAPTER IX.

"What smashed the junk? What wrecked her?" demanded Moran.

The deserting Chinamen huddled around Charlie, drawing close, as if finding comfort in the feel of each other's elbows.

"No can tell," answered Charlie. "Him shake, then lif' up all the same as we. Bimby too much lif' up; him smash all too —. Four-piecee Chinamen drown."

"Drown! Did any of them drown?" exclaimed Moran.

"Four-piece drown," reiterated Charlie, calmly. "One thlee, five, nine, come asho'. Him other no more."

"Where are the ones that came ashore?" asked Wilbur.

Charlie waved a hand into the night. "Him makeum camp top side ole house."

"That old whaling camp," prompted Moran. Then to Wilbur: "You remember—about a hundred yards north the creek?"

Wilbur, Moran and Charlie had drawn off a little from the Bertha Millner's crew. The latter squatted in a line along the shore—silent, reserved, looking vaguely seaward through the night. Moran spoke again, her scowl thickening:

"What makes you think the beachcombers want our schooner?"

"Him catchum schooner sure! Him wantum boat to go home. No can get."

"Let's put off tonight—right away," said Wilbur.

"Low tide," answered Moran; "and besides—Charlie, did you see them close? Were you near them?"

"No go muchee close."

"Did they have something with them, reeved up in a hammock—something that smelled sweet?"

"Like a joss-stick, for instance?"

"No savvy; no can tell. Him try catchum schooner sure. Him velly bad China boy. See Yup China boy, velly bad. I b'long Sam Yup. Savvy?"

"Ah! the tongs?"

"Yass. I Sam Yup. Him," and he pointed to the Bertha's crew. "Sam Yup. All we Sam Yup; nisi him," and he waved a hand toward the beachcombers' camp; "him See Yup, savvy?"

"It's a long row," said Wilbur. "They're blood enemies, the See Yups and Sam Yups."

Moran fell thoughtful, digging her boot-heel into the sand, her thumbs hooked into her belt, her forehead gathered into a heavy frown. There was a silence.

"One thing," she said, at last; "we can't give up the schooner. They would take our stores as well, and then where are we? Marooned, by Jove! How far do you suppose we are from the nearest town? Three hundred miles wouldn't be a bad guess, and they've got the loot—our ambergris—I'll swear to that. They didn't leave that aboard when the junk sank."

"Look here, Charlie," she said, turning to the Chinaman, "if the beachcombers take the schooner—the Bertha Millner—from us, we'll be left to starve on this beach."

"I thinkum yass."

"How are we gong to get home? Are you going to let them have our schooner?"

"I tink no can have."

"Look here," she went on, with sudden energy. "There are only nine of them now, to our eight. We're about even. We can fight those swine. I know we can. If we jumped their camp and rushed them hard, believe me, we could run them into the sea. Mate," she cried, suddenly facing Wilbur, "are you game? Have you got blood in you? Those beachcombers are going to attack us tomorrow, before high tide—that's flat. There's going to be a fight anyway. We can't let them have the schooner. It's starvation for us if we do.

"They mean to make a dash for the Bertha, and we've got to fight them off. If there's any attacking to be done I propose to do it! I propose we jump their camp before it gets light—now—right away—run in on them there, take them by surprise, do for one or two of them if we have to, and get that ambergris. Then cut back to the schooner, up our sails, and wait for the tide to float us off. We can do it—I know we can. Mate, will you back me up?"

"Back you up? You bet I'll back you up, Moran, but—" Wilbur hesitated, "we could fight them so much more to advantage from the deck of the schooner. Why not wait for them aboard? We could have our sails up, anyhow, and we could keep the beachcombers off till the tide rose high enough to drive them back. Why not do that?"

"I think bes' wait top side boat," assented Charlie.

"Yes; why not, Moran?"

"Because," shouted the girl, "they've got our loot. I don't propose to be plundered of $50,000 if I can help it."

"Wasen dat?" demanded Charlie. "Hunder fiftee tlousand you had got?"

"I did have it—we had it, the mate and I. We triced a sperm whale for the beachcombers, and when they thought they had everything out of him we found a lump of ambergris in him that will weigh close to 900 pounds. Now look here, Charlie. The beachcombers have got the stuff. It's mine—I'm going to have it back. Here's the lay. Your men can fight—you can fight yourself. We'll make it a business proposition. Help me to get that ambergris, and if we get it I'll give each one of the men $1,000, and I'll give you $1,500. You can take that up and be independent rich the rest of your life. You can chuck it and rot on this beach, for it's fight or lose the schooner; you know that as well as I do. If you've got to fight anyhow, why not fight where it's going to pay the most?"

Charlie hesitated, pursing his lips. It was then that Wilbur—Wilbur the taxpayer—said the thing he was to be ashamed of for so long a time afterward.

"How about this, Moran," he remarked, unheard by Charlie. "I've just been thinking; have we got a right to this ambergris, after all? The beachcombers found the whale. It was theirs. How have we the right to take the ambergris away from them any more than the sperm and the oil and the bone? It's theirs, if you came to that. I don't know as we've the right to it."

"Darn you," shouted Moran, in a blaze of fury; "right to it, right to it. The stuff is mine, I tell you. I'll make it mine if it isn't. What do I care about your niggling little questions of right. The stuff belongs to the strongest of us. If they can keep it, it's theirs; if I can get it, it's mine. It's the right of the strongest. We're dumped down here on this God-forsaken sand pit, the raft of us, and there's no law and no policemen here. The strongest of us are going to live and the weakest are going to die. I tell you the strongest man is the man who has the right to live, not the weakling who snickers and snivels about right and wrong. To —— with the weak man—the loot and the life belong to the strong. I'm going to live—I'm going to have my loot. Yes, all I can get, my own and my neighbor's, too, if I'm strong enough to take it from him. What do I care about the right of it or the wrong of it? Might makes right. That's my bible, and you can lay to that, my righteous, law-abiding friend."

She turned her back upon him, spinning around upon her heel.

"I got talkee-talk to China boy," said Charlie, coming up.

For about five minutes the Chinamen conferred together, squatting in a circle on the beach. Moran paced up and down by the stranded dory. Wilbur leaned against the bleached whale skull, his hands in his pockets. Once he looked at his watch. It was nearly 1 o'clock.

"All light," said Charlie, coming out from the group at last; "him fight plenty."

"Now," exclaimed Moran, "we've no time to waste. What arms have we got?"

"We've the cutting-in shades," said Wilbur; "there's five of them. They're nearly ten feet long and the blades are as sharp as razors; you couldn't want better pikes."

"That's an idea," returned Moran, evidently willing to forget her outburst of a moment before, perhaps already sorry for it. The party took stock of their weapons, and five huge cutting-in spades, a heavy knife from the galley and a revolver of doubtful effectiveness were divided among them. The crew took the spades, Charlie the knife and Wilbur the revolver. Moran had her own knife, a haftless dirk, such as is affected by all Norwegians, whether landsmen or sailors. They were examining this armament and Moran was suggesting a plan of attack, when Hoang, the leader of the beachcombers, and one other Chinaman, appeared some little distance below them on the beach. The moon was low and there was no light, but the two beachcombers caught the flash of the points of the spades. They halted and glanced narrowly and suspiciously at the group.

"Beasts," muttered Moran. "They are up to the game—there's no surprising them now. Talk to him, Charlie; see what he wants."

Moran, Wilbur and Charlie came part of the way toward Hoang and his fellow, and paused some fifteen feet distant, and a long colloquy ensued. It soon became evident, however, that in reality Hoang wanted nothing of them, though with great earnestness he asserted his willingness to charter the Bertha Millner back to San Francisco.

"That's not his game at all," said Moran to Wilbur, in a low tone, her eyes never leaving those of the beachcomber. "He's pretty sure he could seize the Bertha and never pay us a stiver. They've come down to spy on us, and they're doing it, too. There's no good trying to rush their camp now. They'll go back and tell the crew that we know their play."

It was still very dark. Near the hulk of the beached Bertha Millner were grouped her crew, each armed with a long and lance-like cutting-in spade, watching and listening to the conference of the chiefs. The moon, almost down, had flushed blood red, violently streaking the gray, smooth surface of the bay with her reflection. The tide was far out, rippling quietly along the reaches of wet sand. In the pauses of the conference the vast muffling silence shut down with the abruptness of a valve suddenly closed.

How it happened, just who made the first move, in precisely what manner the action had been planned, or what led up to it, Wilbur could not afterward satisfactorily explain. There was a rush forward—he remembered that much—a dull thudding of feet over the resounding beach surface, a moment's writhing struggle with a half-naked brown figure that used knife and nail and tooth, and then the muffling silence again, broken only by the sound of their own panting. In that whirl of swift action Wilbur could reconstruct but two brief pictures. The Chinaman, Hoang's companion, flying like one possessed along the shore. Hoang himself flung headlong into the arms of the Bertha's coolies, and Moran, her eyes blazing, her thick braids flying, brandishing her fist as she shouted at the top of her deep voice: "We've got you, anyhow."

They had taken Hoang prisoner, whether by treachery or not Wilbur did not exactly know, and even if unfair means had been used, he could not repress a feeling of delight and satisfaction as he told himself that in the very beginning of the fight that was to follow he and his mates had gained the first advantage.

As the action of that night's events became more and more accelerated, Wilbur could not but notice the change in Moran. It was very evident that the old Norse fighting blood of her was all astir; brutal, merciless, savage beyond all control. A sort of obsession seized upon her at the near approach of battle, a frenzy of action that was checked by nothing—that was insensible to all restraint. At times it was impossible for him to make her hear him, or when she heard to understand what he was saying. Her vision contracted. It was evident that she could not see distinctly. Wilbur could no longer conceive of her as a woman of the days of civilization. She was lapsing back to the eighth century again—to the Vikings, the sea-wolves, the berserkirs.

"Now you're going to talk," she cried to Hoang, as the bound Chinaman sat upon the beach, leaning his back against the great skull. "Charlie, ask him if they saved the ambergris when the junk went down—if they've got it now?" Charlie put the question in Chinese, but the beachcomber only twinkled his vicious eyes upon them and held his peace. With the full sweep of her arm, her fist clenched till the knuckles whitened, Moran struck him in the face.

"Now will you talk?" she cried. Hoang wiped the blood from his face upon his shoulder and set his jaws. He did not answer.

"You will talk before I'm done with you, my friend; don't get any wrong notions in your head about that," Moran continued, her teeth clenched. "Charlie," she added, "is there a file aboard the schooner?"

"I thinkum yass, boss hab got file."

"In the tool chest, isn't it?" Charlie nodded, and Moran ordered it to be fetched.

"If we're to fight that crowd," she said, speaking to herself and in a rapid voice, thick from excitement and passion, "we've got to know where they've hid the loot and what weapons they've got. If they have a rifle or a shotgun with them it's going to make a big difference for us. The other fellow escaped and has gone back to warn the rest. It's fight now and no mistake."

The Chinaman who had been sent aboard the schooner, returned, carrying a long, rather coarse-grained file. Moran took it from him.

"Now," she said, standing in front of Hoang, "I'll give you one more chance. Answer me. Did you bring off the ambergris, you beast, when your junk sank? Where is it now? How many men have you? What arms have you got? Have your men got a rifle? Charlie, put that all to him in your lingo, so as to make sure that he understands. Tell him if he don't talk I'm going to make him very sick."

Charlie put the questions in Chinese, pausing after each one. Hoang held his peace.

"I give you fair warning," shouted Moran angrily, pointing at him with the file. "Will you answer?"

"Him no tell nuttin," observed Charlie.

"Fetch a cord here," commanded Moran. The cord was brought, and despite Hoang's struggles and writhings, the file was thrust endways into his mouth and his jaws bound tightly together upon it by means of the cord passed over his head and under his chin. Some four inches of the file protruded from his lips. Moran took this end and drew it out between the beachcomber's teeth, then pushed it back slowly.

The hideous rasp of the operation turned Wilbur's blood cold within him. He looked away—out to sea, down the beach—anywhere, so that he might not see what was going forward. But the persistent grind and scrape still assailed his ear. He turned about sharply.

"I—I—I'll go down the beach here a ways," he said quickly. "I can't stand—I'll keep watch to see if the beachcombers come up."

A few minutes later he heard Charlie hailing him:

"There's no use hiding" she said, "They know we're here."

"Chin-chin heap plenty now," said he, with a grin, as Wilbur came up.

Hoang sat on the sand in the midst of the circle. The file and coil of rope lay on the ground near by. The beachcomber was talking in a high-keyed sing-song, but with a lisp. He told them partly in pigeon English and partly in Cantonese, which Charlie translated, that their men were eight in number, and that they had intended to seize the schooner that night, but that probably his own capture had delayed their plans. They had no rifle. A shotgun had been on board, but had gone down with the sinking of the junk. The ambergris had been cut into two lumps, and would be found in a couple of old flour sacks in the stern of the boat in which he and his men had come ashore. They were all armed with their little hatchets. He thought two of the men carried knives as well. There was neither pistol nor revolver among them.

"It seems to me," said Wilbur, "that we've got the long end."

"We catchum boss, top!" said Charlie, pointing to Hoang.

"And we are better armed," asserted Moran. "We've got the cutting-in spades."

"And the revolver, if it will shoot any further than it will kick."

"They'll give us all the fight we want," declared Moran.

"Oh, him Kai-gingh, him fight all same devil."

"Give the men brandy, Charlie," commanded Moran. We'll rush that camp right away."

The demijohn of spirits was brought down from the Bertha and passed around. Wilbur and Moran drinking from the tin cup, the coolies from the bottle. Hoang was fettered and locked in the Bertha's cabin.

"Now, then, are we ready?" cried Moran.

"I tink all light," answered Charlie.

The party set off down the beach. The moon had long since gone down, and the dawn was whitening over the eastern horizon. Landward, ragged blankets of morning mist lay close in the hollows here and there. It was profoundly still. The stars were still out. The surface of Magadarena bay was smooth as a sheet of gray silk.

Twenty minutes passed, half an hour, an hour. The party tramped steadily forward, Moran, Wilbur and Charlie leading the coolies close behind carrying the cutting-in spades over their shoulders. Slowly and in silence they made the half circuit of the bay. The Bertha Millner was far behind them by now, a vague gray mass in the early morning light.

"Did you ever fight before?" Moran suddenly demanded of Charlie.

"One time I fight plenty much in San Francisco in Washington stleet. Fightum See Yups."

Another half hour passed. At times when they halted they began to hear the faint murmur of the creek, just beyond which was the broken and crumbling shanty, relic of an old Portuguese whaling camp, where the beachcombers were camped. At Charlie's suggestion the party made a circuit, describing a half moon, to landward, so as to come out upon the enemy sheltered by the sand dunes. Twenty minutes later they crossed the creek about 400 yards from the shore. Here they spread out into a long line, and keeping an interval of about 15 feet between each of them moved cautiously forward. The unevenness of the sand breaks hid the shore from view, but Moran, Wilbur and Charlie knew that by keeping the creek upon their left they would come out directly upon the house.

A few moments later Charlie held up his hand and the men halted. The noise of the creek chattering into the tidewater of the bay was plainly audible just beyond a ridge of sand, covered thinly with sage brush, and a faint column of smoke rose into the air over the ridge itself. They were close in. The coolies were halted, and, dropping upon their hands and knees, the three leaders crawled to the top of the break. Sheltered by a couple of sage bushes and lying flat to the ground, Wilbur looked over and down upon the beach. The first object he made out was a crazy, roofless house, built of driftwood, the chinks plastered with 'dobe mud, the door fallen in.

Beyond, on the beach, was a flat-bottomed dingy, unpainted and foul with dirt. But all around the house the sand had been scooped and piled to form a low barricade, and behind this barricade Wilbur saw the beachcombers. There were eight of them. They were alert and ready, their hatchets in their hands. The gaze of each of them was fixed directly upon the sand-break which sheltered the Bertha Millner's officers and crew. They seemed to Wilbur to look him straight in the eye. They neither moved nor spoke. The silence and absolute lack of motion on the part of these small, half-naked Chinamen, with their apelike muzzles and twinkling eyes, was ominous.

There could be no longer any doubt that the beachcombers had known of their enemies' movements and were perfectly aware of their presence behind the sand-break. Moran rose to her feet and Wilbur and Charlie followed her example.

"There's no use hiding," she said; "they know we're here."

Charlie called up the crew. The two parties were ranged face to face. Over the eastern rim of the Pacific the blue whiteness of the early dawn was turning to a dull roseate gold at the core of the sunrise. The headlands of Magadalene bay stood back against the pale glow; overhead the greater stars still shone. The monotonous, faint ripple of the creek was the only sound. It was about 3:30 o'clock.

(To be continued next week.)

HER HONEYMOON.

She Taught Him a Lesson in the Beginning and Thereafter Held the Reins.

Celia is strong minded. You would not think so to look at her. She is what I call a fluffy girl. She has a sweet face, with large blue eyes and a matchless dimple in her left cheek. But Celia is strong minded. I sometimes even think mamma is a little afraid of her. She has certainly managed us both all her life. Celia has a perfect talent for managing people. When she told us she was engaged to be married to Sir Vernon Branstone, mamma said, "But, Celia, darling, you hardly know him."

"You never know any man unless you are actually married to him," answered Celia who is possessed of an extraordinary amount of worldly wisdom.

Then I put in my word. "I don't like him, Celia," I said, decidedly.

"And you haven't got to marry him," replied Celia, in her most putting down manner, "so you needn't trouble about that."

Mamma cried a little and finally gave her consent, which was, after all, only a matter of form. Celia has money of her own and is over twenty-one.

We sat chatting over her fire the night before the marriage. "Supposing he is unkind to you, Celia," I said. "Oh, Celia, darling, whatever would you do if he were unkind to you?"

"Do?" answered Celia, with an air of great astonishment. "I should leave him, of course, and come back to you and mamma."

I gasped. "You couldn't leave a man you were married to," I said.

"Couldn't I?" she replied, calmly; "you'd see, Dot."

"I'm afraid he is rather selfish, Celia," I said, presently.

"All men are selfish," replied the wise Celia, "if they are encouraged. I shan't encourage Vernon."

Then we went to bed.

I awoke the next morning feeling depressed. I hated parting with my favorite sister, and I did not care about my future brother-in-law. I must own he seemed devoted to Celia, but he looked so rough and big beside her I was dreadfully afraid he might bully her. But the wedding went off very well, in spite of my misgivings. My sister looked deliciously pretty in her white satin gown, and I thought Vernon looked proud and happy. A friend of his had lent them a house in Scotland for their honeymoon, and Vernon was to have some spring fishing. I saw them off at the station. This was, I know, a dreadfully unconventional thing to do, but it was just like Celia, and she insisted on it. She said it would prevent people from knowing they were newly married, which was absurd, as her hat was covered with rice.

Just before the train was due to start Vernon looked at his watch and said to me: "Well, goodby, Dot. I must be getting in now." I shook hands with him, and Celia, leaning forward, moved The Ladies' Pictorial from the seat opposite. He saw the movement.

"Don't bother to move anything, Celia," he said, genially. "I am going smoking." I stared incredulously at him; then I glanced at Celia to see how she would take it. To my surprise, she only smiled and said: "All right. Go and tell Denise to come to me a minute. I want to speak to her."

He went off in a hurry for the maid, who came up just as the train was starting. "Here, jump in, Denise. I want to speak to you," cried Celia. "I can pay the extra on your ticket at the other end."

Denise was bundled in, and the train started without my having time to exchange another word with my sister.

I stood waving my hand until it was nearly out of sight, although Celia did not look once out of the window; then I turned away, feeling disconsolate.

I felt furiously angry with Vernon. How hateful of him to go smoking and leave Celia to travel by herself just when she must have been dying to talk over the wedding and everything. How lonely she would be on that long, dull journey. They were going to stop at York for the night, but she would have nearly five hours alone with her maid.

Poor Celia! I had warned her he was selfish, but it is no use warning people who are in love—they are always so peculiar. I felt a little disappointed in my sister, to tell the truth, for I never thought she would have surrendered so easily. She hadn't even looked cross, but had smiled at Vernon.

How dreadfully soon marriage changes some people. I found mamma still rather watery about the eyes. She asked me a great many questions and was most indignant at Vernon's selfishness.

"Fancy slighting my darling girl like that," she said angrily.

"And fancy her taking it so calmly," I added.

"I wish she had never left us," sobbed mamma. "I know he will bully her. I never heard of a man doing such a thing in my life. My poor, neglected child."

We could talk and think of nothing else, and sat down to dinner feeling lonely and miserable. At about half-past nine, as I was feeling quite worn out with excitement and fatigue, I thought I would go to bed. I kissed mamma and begged her not to worry about Celia.

"I wonder what she is doing?" she said tearfully. "I do hope they will not quarrel, Dot."

I said I was sure they wouldn't, as Celia had never quarreled with anybody in her life. I was just going up stairs when I heard the front door bell ring violently.

"I can't see anyone, Dot," mamma called out to me. "I am too tired and upset tonight."

"We're out, James," I said to the footman, and added reassuringly to mamma, "It will only be what Celia calls a posthumous wedding present."

I waited a moment to see. Suddenly I heard a peremptory voice saying: "Here, James, take this box. Denise is coming on with the others in a four-wheeler. Where is Miss Dot?"

I simply flew across the hall. "Oh, Celia, darling Celia, whatever is the matter?" I cried, excitedly.

Celia stopped to kiss mamma, who had rushed into the hall at the sound of her voice, then she slipped her arm through mine. "Come along into the dining room, dears," she said, "and I'll tell you all about it, but do order me some dinner first, I am dreadfully hungry." She spoke quite brightly, but her face was pale, and I don't think her tears were far off. Then she told us what she had done. As soon as I left her she arranged with Denise to get out at Peterborough and catch the next express back to town. Vernon had luckily never seen her. Poor mamma looked rather dazed, as though she hardly understood what had happened.

"It serves him right, Celia," I said angrily; "but whatever will he do? Won't he be fearfully angry?" I felt nervous, but Celia only lshrugged her shoulders.

"Likely he will," she replied coolly, "but after all what can he do excepting swear? You see, I have begun as I mean to go on, Dot, and I must await developments. I expect he will soon fetch me back," she added, cheerfully, "and try to hush it up. No man likes being made a fool of, but it was really more than I could stand." She yawned and raised her pretty arms above her head. "And now let's go to bed, Dot. I'm so awfully tired. It's useless to sit here and speculate as to what he will do. I am all right in the meantime, as I have brought my trousseau back with me."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The next morning Celia received a frantic telegram from Vernon, and in the afternoon he arrived. Mamma and I thought it kinder not to see him. Celia had a long interview with him in the dining room, after which she ran up to us, and, giving us each a hearty kiss, whispered she would tell us all about it tomorrow. Then they drove off together, and Denise followed with the luggage.

I believe they staid at a hotel for the night and caught the express to Scotland the next day. We did not see Celia again for several weeks, and when she wrote all she told us was that Vernon was a "dear." They seem happy now, and I sometimes think I never saw a man kinder or more attentive to his wife. Celia seems devotedly fond of him. Of course I always knew she was strong minded, but I must say I have often wondered how she managed Vernon.

WHEN SCHOOL BELLS TINKLE.

BY JAMES L. PEGUIGNOT.

Holidays are over, and study-days are here;
Listen to the ringing of the bells!
Slates and books are ready,
For Terence, Tom and Teddy—
That is what their tinkle-tinkle tells.

At nine o'clock they jingle, they dingle, dingle, dingle,
These tiny little brazen-throated bells;
Gertrude, Geraldine and Grace,
Each must wear a smiling face—
That is what their tinkle-tinkle tells.

On yon distant mossy hilltop, where the country school house stands,
Hear the tintinabulation of the bells!
Little country folks must run
As their class has just begun—
That is what their tinkle-tinkle tells.

So they jingle, and they dingle, and they tinkle, every day,
From their tiny throats a message ever swells;
Through the long, long winter time,
May be heard the happy chime
Of the cheery little, merry little bells.

THE WISH.

She Did Not Expect to Be a Bride but Found Herself Happily Married.

BY M. N.

Mattie Everett was one of the prettiest girls in the city. She knew she was pretty when she looked in the glass—she saw the reflection of her rose-bud beauty in the admiring faces of chance passers. And yet, withal, Mattie Everett was not contented. She yearned for a peep into "fashionable society." She was tired of the commonplace existence which she led every day, and longed for an adventure of some sort—a streak of romance to dapple her life!

For Mattie was only a dressmaker's apprentice, learning the trade under the auspices of Madam Genevieve. So matters stood, when Miss Bellefont's wedding order came in.

"Where's that little blue-eyed girl you sent to my house to alter my white cashmere morning robe?" said Miss Bellefont to Madam Genevieve. "Let her come again. She has a capital idea of trimming, and her fit is excellent."

Augusta Bellefont was not unlike Mattie herself—a plump, fresh complexioned girl with blue eyes and pale yellow hair—and after she was gone, Mattie heard the full particulars of the case—how Miss Bellefont was to be married the next month to Maj. Carlyle, who had more money than he knew what to do with.

"She's a lovely girl, I'm sure," said Miss Garret, the forewoman, as she cut off yard upon yard of blue white satin for the trimming. "And for all that they say there's a young fellow, without a penny in all the world to bless himself with, that she loves to distraction."

"Oh, how delightfully romantic," cried Mattie, with sparkling eyes; and she worked away, thinking of Miss Bellefont and her two lovers.

"One has her heart," she mused, "the other will have her hand. Dear, dear, what a world this is!"

Two or three days afterward, Mattie Everett took a big paper box of half completed dress bodices to the pretty little brown stone house on Crauss Park, where Miss Bellefont lived. The servant showed her into the library, where the beauty sat, picturesquely posed in a sleepy hollow chair, with her satin slippered feet on an embroidered footstool. And leaning against the opposite window stood a tall, handsome man, whom Mattie recognized at once for Maj. Carlyle.

"Hallo!" cried he, in his off-hand way, "is that the milliner's little girl? Pretty as a daisy, isn't she?"

"I told you she was pretty," said Miss Bellefont, and Mattie smiled and blushed and dimpled, and scarcely knew which way to look.

"Major, I shall have to leave you for a few moments. I dare say you can amuse yourself very well with the books and magazines. Little one, come with me."

And then Mattie was ushered into a satin hung boudoir, of whose splendors she had never before dreamed.

"Oh, Miss Bellefont," she said, "I should think you would be so happy!"

"Happy!" said Miss Bellefont, carelessly. "Which of us is really happy in this world? Come, let us try on the emerald green satin, and then we shall be through."

Day after day Mattie Everett came until the wedding day drew near. Sometimes she saw Major Carlyle, sometimes she did not. But the oftener she came, the oftener one fixed fact became evolved from her inner consciousness—that Augusta Bellefont was, or ought to be, the happiest girl in the world.

Yet there was an absent look in Augusta's great, blue eyes, a troubled expression of the mouth that forbade the inference of perfect bliss.

"I wonder what it is that is wanting in her life?" said Mattie to herself. "Oh, if only I was in her place!"

Lights and blossoms and the shimmer of silk and satin ushered in Miss Bellefont's wedding evening; and Mattie was there dimpled, smiling and eager to help.

The bridesmaids were ready—and all was ready but the bride. Augusta Bellefont had been strangely capricious and full of vagaries all day, sometimes laughing, sometimes almost sad.

"Ready?" she cried, glancing at the little malachite clock on the mantle, as the last summons came. "Surely it is not time yet. I won't dress till I am obliged. See here, little one," to Mattie, "I've an idea of seeing what I am like in this fine bridal garb of mine. You are about my height and build. You shall put on the wedding dress and vail, the white satin slippers and the wreath."

"I, Miss Augusta?"

"You. Why not? Quick! Off with that sober brown gingham, that makes such an insignificant brown sparrow of you!"

And half laughing, half reluctant, Mattie Everett obeyed, not altogether averse to decking herself, even though it was in jest, with the brilliant robes and resplendent pearls of the heiress.

The reflection in the mirror brought the rosy carmine to her cheeks. Involuntarily she dropped her eyes.

"You are charming, ma petite," cried Miss Bellefont. "But stay—the bouquet from the other room. Wait half a second and I will bring it."

"Oh, Miss Bellefont, let me go!"

"No; I'll cut it in a minute."

And away she flitted.

One minute went by two, three, four and five, and still Miss Bellefont did not come back. Mattie began to grow uneasy, and ventured to peep into the room beyond. No one was there.

The girl's heart gave a great jump—at the same moment the bevy of bright maids fluttered into the room.

"Come, Augusta, are you ready? The groom is waiting—the clergyman's came, and —— Why, Miss Everett!"

Mattie grew scarlet.

"She made me put it on!" she faltered, conscious of the awkwardness of her position.

"And where is she?" demanded indignantly Mrs. Bellefont.

"Gone for the bouquet."

They made immediate search for her, but, as the reader will probably conjecture, Miss Augusta was far away, and only a note, which Clara Montaunt, the second bridesmaid, had found on the toilet table, addressed to Mrs. Bellefont, in which she said she had gone off with Harry Fisk and have gone to marry him, ing gave an idea of her whereabouts.

"Good-by," it said debonairly. "I love Harry Fisk and have gone to marry him.
"A. B."

And in the midst of the melee Major Carlyle's tall head was seen, towering over the rest like Saul above his fellows.

"Gone, has she?" said he, with a composure which was quite wonderful, under the circumstances. "And I am left to wear the mitten. But what is this little ghost in the wedding robes?"

Mattie Everett lifted her pleading eyes to his.

"I didn't mean to do wrong," she said. "Oh, believe me, sir, I knew nothing of all this."

"Major Carlyle looked gravely at her.

"Here is a bride," he said, "and here is the wedding feast, the clergyman and the guests—and, last of all, the groom! So I think it would be a pity to lose the wedding. If Miss Bellefont does not care for me, that is no sign that others may not. Come here, little Mattie Everett—will you be the bride?"

Mattie looked in his face a minute, and then she said:

"Yes."

It was a strange wedding, but it was a wedding, after all.

And Mattie is happier now than she ever dreamed it possible to be.

She has gained her wish—she is a rich and fashionable lady now, and orders all her dresses from Madam Genevieve.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisk are living in Paris, happy and impecunious, and Major Carlyle is just as devoted to his pretty young wife as if he had never had any other love.

Humming Birds Attack Men.

In the island of Minora, one of the Philippines, the humming birds are pugnacious little creatures. Thousands of them frequently attack huntsmen without the slightest provocation, inflicting sometimes serious wounds on the face and neck.

THE BROOK.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I looked in the brook and saw a face—
Heigh-ho, but a child was I!
There were rushes and willows in that place,
And they clutched at the brook as the brook ran by;
And the brook it ran its own sweet way,
As a child doth run in heedless play,
And as it ran I heard it say:
"Hasten with me
To the roistering sea
That is wroth with the flame of the morning sky!"

I look in the brook and see a face—
Heigh-ho, but the years go by!
The rushes are dead in the old-time place,
And the willows I knew when a child was I.
And the brook it seemeth to say,
As ever it stealeth on its way—
Solemnly now, and not in play!
"Oh, come with me
To the slumbrous sea
That is gray with the peace of the evening sky!"
Heigh-ho but the years go by—
I would to God that a child were I!

HER GREATEST CRIME.

How Cleopatra Robbed a Mummy of Priceless Jewels.

One of the most weirdly fascinating and yet horrible stories recorded in history is the beguiling of Harmachis, priest of the pyramids by hereditary right, by the crafty and conscienceless Cleopatra, into disclosing the secret of the gold and gems hidden upon the body of Menka-ra, one of the Pharaohs. Even the great and wise Harmachis was too weak to resist the spell cast over him by the beautiful Egyptian queen in her eloquent plea that the wars had brought her to ruin, and the gold was needed to defend Egypt from Antony, even falsely promising, in the earnestness of her desire, to wed the priest. Far into the night they talked about the ancient secret of the mighty treasures hidden beneath the mass of "Her"—now known as the Third Pyramid, and of all pyramids the most interesting. Secretly they set forth on foot a distance of six miles, with one trusty eunuch. Reaching the city of the dead, they passed by many tombs until they stood in the shadow of "Her," which, by the aid of ropes, they entered. Passages and chambers were quickly passed when a trap door was reached, descending through which they found themselves in a small arched chamber paved and lined with great blocks of granite. There before them stood the sarcophagus of Menka-ra. Together they drew forth, with difficulty, the body, and laying it on the ground, began the gruesome and unholy task of unwinding the many cloths about it. As they unwound, gold collars and bracelets, an inlaid ax and an image of the holy Osiris fell from the wrappings. The last covering was tightly glued and, faint with the great heat and the odor of mummy dust and spices, they tremblingly ripped the linen with a knife, and stood in that extreme moment face to face with one whom no one had seen for three thousand years. Made bold by desire, they stripped the body and discovered on the left side a scar. They lifted the body, which was heavy with priceless treasures, and with her beautiful face set and terrible, Cleopatra pierced the dagger into the dead breast till it grated upon the gems inside, plunged her hand into the opening, and drew forth the most wonderful emerald, flawless and very large, on the under side of which was inscribed the name "Menka-ra, Son of the Sun." Again and again she plunged in her hand and drew from Pharaoh's breast great priceless emeralds, until one hundred and forty-eight were obtained. And the last time she brought forth great pearls, such as had never been seen. So it was done. The treasure lay glittering before them—lay with the royal gold, the sickly scented wrappings and the torn body of the white-haired Menka-ra. Gathering the treasures and hiding them in their robes, they gave one last look at the dreadful sight and went from the tomb.

Animal Intelligence.

In individuals of the same species extremes of size do bear some relation to mental power, usually as coincident with deficiency. Very large dogs, such as the Great Dane, the St. Bernard (of the show bench), and the mastiff, are seldom as intelligent as those of medium size or when constantly in their owners' company. It is possible that the "Landseer" Newfoundland is as intelligent as it is courageous in aquatic feats, but recorded instances are wanting. So also "dwarfed" dogs, the little creatures bred to be carried as muffs or as fancy pets, are often stunted in mind as well as in body. But this does not apply to some of the naturally small breeds; the Blenheim spaniel being, as might be expected from its cranial development and expression, among the most intelligent of dogs—far brighter, for instance, than the heavy Clumber spaniels, which weigh seventy pounds.

A little Jersey or Kerry cow has often twice the wits of a large Shorthorn or Hereford. But this is doubtless because both the Jerseys and Kerries have been in more intimate relations with men, and have been kept as pets and family friends for very many generations—for how many anyone may judge who buys the annual reports and pedigree lists contained in "The Jersey Herd Book." In the same way, ponies are commonly said to be "cleverer" than horses. This is mainly because, owing to their smaller size, they are in daily use in petty domestic work, and so are in constant contact with human beings.

Whistling is practically unknown among the Icelanders, who regard it as irreligious and a violation of the divine law.

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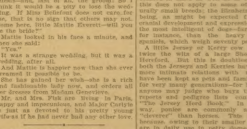

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A GIRL, A BOY AND A DOG.

Thrilling Story of a Great Flood and What Befell Two Children.

BY CHARLES C. GEBULDIG.

It was in the month of March, 1897, when the great Mississippi, swollen to a perfect ocean, was lashing furiously against the levees that held it in its bed. Looking toward the east, nothing was visible but the great body of water and the hazy line of trees that marked the opposite shore. Westward, as far as the eye could see, lay the low, fertile plantations of Arkansas, from eight to ten feet below the present water level.

On this particular morning, a perfect gale was blowing from the east, lashing the yellow water into foam, and every now and then carrying a huge wave over the narrow bank. For weeks past hundreds of men had labored day and night piling up dirt and sacks of sand as the river rose higher, for on the strength of these same levees depended thousands of dollars' worth of property and, possibly, many lives.

Nellie and Bobby Amey did not seem to realize this, however, for they played on as happily as ever under the tall cottonwood trees in front of the little farm house where they lived.

Mrs. Amey came to the door and looked out for a few minutes, then went back with an anxious shake of her head.

"Don't go far from the house, children," she called from the window. "The levee might break and you would both be drowned."

But they were only children, and children sometimes forget. They did not mean to be disobedient, but somehow, in their play, they wandered from the house, out into the open cotton fields, followed by old Rip, a large, shaggy-haired dog, who had been their companion and playmate for many years.

Out in the middle of this field there once had stood an old seed bin, as it was called, being a single small room built of logs, where seed was kept for the next year's planting. But this room had not been used since Nellie could remember, and Nellie was nine years old, and the winter before had been torn down for firewood, so that all that remained now was the floor of thick oak planks, nailed to logs.

"Oh, let's play this is our house," cried Bobby, climbing up and jumping around on the warped boards.

"All right," replied Nellie; "we will play keeping house and have old Rip come and board with us."

Both entered into the sport eagerly, and were soon as happy as could be, making mud pies and playing they were grown-up folks. All at once Nellie stopped and held up her finger in a listening attitude.

"What was that?" she asked. Both listened intently. Way off up the river they heard an awful noise, something like a boat, when it lets off steam in the water; but they knew it was not a boat. Neither was it thunder, because it never stopped, but kept getting louder all the time.

The children stood still, undecided what to do, while old Rip ran a few yards away and howled and then came back again.

"What is it, Rip?" Bobby asked, taking hold of the dog's ear; but as Rip could not speak, he only whined.

"Oh, I know what it is!" gasped Nellie, turning pale. "The levee's broke."

Bobby's eyes and mouth opened wide with horror. "What must we do?" he asked.

"Run home, quick!" replied Nellie promptly, taking his hand, and off they started as fast as their little feet would carry them. Before they had gone a dozen yards, however, they were met by the water on the ground, and in a few seconds more their feet were covered.

Bobby commenced to cry, but Nellie did not have time to. She was the oldest and had to look out for their safety.

"We can't go home," she said; "let's go back and wait till papa comes for us."

So back they went to the old floor of the seed bin and sat down and looked anxiously toward the house. They saw somebody standing in the back door and knew it was their mother, but between them and her was a great sea of water.

"Oh, look!" cried Bobby. "It's all around us!"

And it was already several inches deep, and rising rapidly. Old Rip howled and whined, and walked from one end of the floor to the other, seeming to realize the danger more than the children did.

After a little the water rose to the top of the floor, and they had to stand up; but this did not last long, for with a sucking, gurgling sound, the old floor pulled loose and floated. On it went, borne by the swift current, over what had once been corn and cotton fields, on, on, they did not know how far. Once or twice it hit against a tree, and nearly threw them off, but the raft held together.

It was evening and the sun was sinking lower and lower, till at last it disappeared behind the trees in the distance. Then it was night. Everything was still and dark,

"He threw the rope to them."

while a cold breeze swept over them. Way off in the distance they could yet hear the roar of the water as it poured through the break.

"Oh, I'm cold," cried Bobby, shivering. "I wish papa would come."

Old Rip came over and lay down by him, and Bobby crawled up close to keep warm, and the dog licked his hand, to show how sorry he was. Nellie took off her little calico apron and spread it over her brother, to keep the damp spray off, and then sat down beside them, her little knees clasped in her arms. And thus they drifted on.

Way off in front of them a light appeared; it was only a faint speck at first, but grew larger and larger as they advanced, till they saw it was the window of a house.

Nellie commenced to call as loud as she could and old Rip jumped up and barked, too; but no one seemed to hear them.

They were very near to the house now, and were being whirled by, when they heard a grating sound on the bottom of the raft, and it almost stopped. But in a second it was going again, and the old piece of fence they had run over floated on beside them.

Just then the door of the house opened, and they heard somebody say: "I do believe there's some one on that raft, and they're headed right for the gulch, too. Lord help 'em!"

That was all they heard as the raft swept by.

The gulch! Nellie knew what it was, for she had seen it once, as had Bobby, also, but he was too small to remember. It was a wide and very deep ravine, but never had much water in it, though some people said it was once the bed of the river. Even now they could hear the water pouring into it, and as they drew nearer the sound was frightful. Unless something happened to stop them, they would be dashed to pieces in the whirlpool below. Even Bobby, small as he was, knew this, and began to cry and call loudly for "Mamma;" but, poor fellow, his mother was miles away, and even had she been there she could not have helped them.

"Let us pray to God," said Nellie, her little face showing very white, even in the darkness.

They knelt down and repeated the little prayer their mother had taught them, while the raft sped on, faster and faster the nearer they drew to the edge. The big trees along the bank loomed up high before them; the sound was deafening; they could not even hear each other's voice.

"We are going over," Nellie murmured. Then they were both silent.

The raft seemed to rise way up, and then plunge down. There was a cracking and breaking of timber, and an awful shock, that threw them both down. At first they thought they had gone over the cliff, but soon saw what it was. The raft had struck a big tree and stopped right on the edge. But it was swinging and tugging to get loose again.

On one side was another tree quite close, while on the other it was all open. If they could make the raft turn in to the other tree, they were safe for awhile, at least; but if it went the other way they were lost.

The raft had broken nearly in two, and one piece was pulling out toward the open. If this could be loosened, the part they were on would drop back against the other tree and be saved.

Nellie pulled at it as hard as she could, but a big spike held it fast. Bobby came and helped her, and together they moved it just a little. Again and again they pulled, loosening it some each time, till at last it was free, and went tumbling and dashing into the deep gulch.

The children were safe now, so long as the raft held together, but it was old, and the strong current might tear it to pieces any moment. But there was nothing they could do to help it, so they sat down very close together and waited; oh, so long, hours that seemed like years to them till at last it began to grow light, and they knew morning had come.

"I'm hungry," said Bobby. "We didn't have any supper last night."

"I never thought of that," his sister answered. "We must wait now till somebody comes for us."

"Who will come for us?" Bobby asked. "They don't know where we are."

"But they will find us," Nellie replied, trying to keep up courage. "I know papa is hunting for us right now."

Just then old Rip began to bark furiously and jump up and down with delight. Both children turned instantly, and looked the way the dog did, when there, to their joy, they beheld a skiff with two men in it. It was way off yet, but coming toward them rapidly.

"I believe that's papa," cried Bobby and then he commenced to call as loud as his thin voice would let him.

The skiff, which contained Mr. Amey and another man, came on till it reached a small clump of trees fifty yards away.

"We dare not go any closer, or we can't get back," they heard the strange man say.

"But we've got to get them somehow," Mr. Amey protested.

"Well, going up there in this boat won't get them," said the other man, decidedly. "We can't even stop, much less get back; and if we hit the raft, the whole thing will go over."

The children saw their father tie his boat to a tree, and then stand up in it. "Are you all right?" he shouted.

"Yes," Nellie answered; but the sound of the water deadened her voice.

"Catch this rope when it comes to you," Mr. Amey called back.

Both children stood ready, and saw him toss a long rope into the water. It floated toward them till within a few feet, when the current around the raft caught it, and whirled it by, just out of reach.

Mr. Amey started to pull it in again, when old Rip, calculating in his dog way, that on that rope depended their salvation, took it upon himself to play hero, and, jumping boldly in, swam toward it. It was a hard struggle, for the swift current was taking him down all the time, and once it looked as though he would never reach it; but he was strong and a good swimmer, and at last got close enough to grasp it in his teeth. Then he turned around and came back.

This was not hard, as the rope kept him from floating down and all he had to do was paddle over. When he came close enough, Nellie caught him by his long hair and helped him up.

"Tie the rope to the bottom log," Mr. Amey called.

Nellie did so, tieing half a dozen knots, to make sure it would not slip. Then the men in the boat began to haul away.

They would pull the raft in, a foot at a time, with the rope around the tree, to keep it from slipping back. In this way it took a long time, but it was finally brought up alongside, and the children helped into the boat, where they sat on the bottom, very still, but very happy. And old Rip. He did not wait to be invited, nor could they forget him, for he barked and pranced around like a young puppy.

They were the happiest family in Arkansas that day, when they sat down to dinner in the strange house in town—for the little farm house was now under water. The children told the story of their awful night on the raft, and of how cold and miserable they were; and Mrs. Amey cried, but said it was through gladness in having them restored to her. And in the fullness of their joy they did not forget to give thanks to the kind Providence that preserved the children during their wild ride on the raft, and thus made this rejoicing possible.—Presbyterian Banner.

NEW THROUGH TRAIN SERVICE.

BETWEEN

Chicago, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids.

The Grand Trunk Railway System, in connection with the Grand Rapids & Indiana Ry., have inaugurated a new through car and train service to Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids.

Service consists of Through Pullman Vestibuled Buffet Parlor Car, leaving Chicago at 3:02 p. m. daily, except Sunday, and Through Pullman Vestibule Drawing Room Sleeping Car and Vestibule Coaches leaving Chicago at 11:45 p. m. daily, connecting at Grand Rapids for all points North on G. R. & I. Ry., including Traverse City, Petoskey and Mackinaw.

For full particulars apply to Ticket Agents of connecting lines, or J. H. Burgis, Ticket Agent, No. 103 Clark St., Chicago, and mention you saw this in the Chicago Ledger.

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

She was a little girl until she was fifteen years old, and then she helped her mother in her household duties. She had her hours to play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She never said to her mother, "I don't want to," for obedience was to her a cherished virtue. She arose in the morning when called, and we do not suppose she had her hair done up in curling-paper and crimping-pins, or banged over her forehead. She did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beau before she was in her teens and she did not read dime novels, nor was she fancying a hero in every boy she met. The old-fashioned girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people nor make fun of cripples.

She had respect for her elders, and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself. She did not know as much as her mother, nor did she think that her judgment was as good as that of her grandmother. She did not go to parties by the time she was ten years old and stay till after midnight, dancing with chance young men who happened to be present. She went to bed in season, and doubtless she said her prayers, and slept the sleep of innocence, rose up in the morning, happy and capable of giving happiness. And now, if there is an old-fashioned girl in the world today, may heaven bless and keep her and raise up others like her.

Boys' Secret Society—Membership Free. Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 151 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

Colored Photographs.

It is now stated that Frederick E. Ives, a photographer of Philadelphia, has discovered a method of taking photographs in colors. If this is so, Mr. Ives will at once become rich as well as famous, but old photographers always smile incredulously when the subject of photographing colors is mentioned, for they believe it can't be done.

ANY PERSON

Wishing to know the truth in regard to their health should not fail to send for a valuable and new 64-page Booklet which will be sent free for a short time to those who mention this paper. This book is published by the celebrated physicians and specialists—Dr. Hathaway & Co., of 215 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., whom you should address. Write today.

A Shattered Suspicion.

"Say, you remember you told me, some time ago, that you didn't believe Burgin really loved his wife—that you thought he had married her for money—don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're dead wrong. I went fishing with them, one day, when we were up in the hills, and he baited her hook and took her fish off every time."

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

They ain't no style about 'em,
  And they're sort o' pale and faded;
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,
  Would be lonesome and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder,
  Than the mornin'-glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
  For their good old-fashion' sakes.

I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
  Sort o' make a feller like 'em;
And I tell you when I find a
  Bunch out whar the sun kin strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
  O' the ones 'at used to grow
And peep in thro' the chinkin'
  O' the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,
  And how she used to love 'em,
When they wuzn't any other,
  'Less she found 'em up above 'em!
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
  Whispered with a smile, and said
We must pick a bunch and put 'em
  In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, as I wuz a-sayin'
  They ain't no style about 'em,
Very gaudy or displayin',
  But I wouldn't be without 'em,
'Cause I'm happier in these posies,
  And the hollyhawks and sich,
Then the hummin' birds 'at noses
  In the roses of the rich.

QUEER PACKAGES.

Strange Things Misdirected or Sent in Violation of the Postal Regulations.

Uncle Sam is a confirmed relic hunter. No personage in the world is so extensive an operator of museums wherein odd things can be seen as Uncle Sam. Nearly every administrative department has one of these museums attached to it. But oddest of all is the one which is part of the postoffice department in that division known as the dead letter office.

The oddities collected in this museum are not there because of the desire of the clerical force to add to the stock; they are there because the articles are either prohibited transmission through the mails or the sender has failed to prepay the cost of carriage. Every large office in the land is a daily contributor to this museum and it is a marvel to all concerned why people will still attempt to send some of the things found by vigilant employes of the department.

Uncle Sam with all his good nature has made no provision for the handling of menageries through the mails. In fact, he has said distictly that no specimens of animal and reptilian life must not so be dispatched. But bless you, the dear people care naught for such deliveries. In that museum in the dead letter office are three rattlesnakes which were received in a tin can all the way from Australia. They were chloroformed and preserved as evidences of what some people will try to do. A man in the southwest became imbued with the belief that a friend would be the better for a living tarantula, so he put one in the mails. Of course it was detected, killed and placed on the shelves.

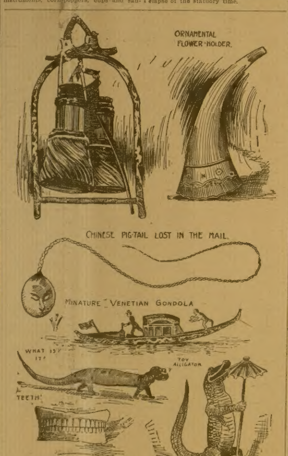
SOME GHASTLY CURIOSITIES.

Anatomical specimens are also barred but the museum in Washington has a skull collected from a mail pouch. There are other objects, portions of the human form divine, which the senders fondly hoped would reach their destinations. But they did not, for they were confiscated promptly as contraband, although the department needed them not. Ignorance of postal regulation is for the most part responsible for these things finding their way into the mails, but many an article is so placed for the express purpose of violating the rules.

Among the many queer things on the shelves of the museum are the skin of a snake, shark's teeth, skulls, starfish, lamps, bottles of tabloids, medicine and dried frogs. There is a toy alligator holding a parasol, a clay manikin, a cruet and a most remarkable zoological specimen, the name of which has not been learned. There are all kinds of explosives, from small firecrackers to goodly-sized bombs, in spite of the fact that nothing explosive or combustible will be carried in the mails. One article proved to be a big revolver loaded and half-cocked, addressed to a woman in New York.

ANYTHING YOU WANT.

One shelf upholds a washboard of late design, with a huge mop near by. There are bundles of easter candles which never reached the person to whom they were sent. There are deeds to property, musical instruments, corn-poppers, cups and sau-



Found In Uncle Sam's Mails.

cers, horns of animals, a hack driver's license, a bottle of consumption cure, Chinese curios, canvas needlebags and a potato bug exterminator. There is a negro parson delivering a sermon from a feather pulpit, a work basket woven by Indians, a small plaster bear, a sea urchin, an old boot, and a neatly etched flower holder.

Contraband articles are detected in nearly every case by the skill of the employes. Uncle Sam will not carry any article even when fully prepaid where a practical certainty exists that it will be destroyed in transmission. Hence bottles of medicines, wines, liquors and fragile articles are barred absolutely. But smugglers are skillful in disguising these things, and a certain portion undoubtedly gets through. But, judging from the large number which eventually land in Washington, the proportion is small.

"RECEIVED IN BAD ORDER."

Several years ago a well known Illinois whisky house put out what was said to be a fine article of whisky. The company knew the postal regulations all right, but thought they might be dodged, so small bottles containing a couple of good drinks were carefully packed in cases and sent to customers and dealers. A lot of these packages fell into the hands of the sleuths of the Chicago office and were promptly detected. Most of them were stamped "received in bad order." When they reached the judgment seat—so the story goes—nothing remained of the goods but the odor.

One of the most interesting collections in the big museums is the dolls. In fact holiday presents form a fair proportion of the articles lost while on their way to the would-be recipients. But 20,000 packages for every working day of the year tells the tale of the work of the employes of the department. Dolls of every variety are perched disconsolately on the shelves because dolly's passage was not paid and the name of the sender cannot be discovered, while the person at the other end of the journey will not pay up.

Goods not absolutely contraband—prohibited from transmission in the mails—are usually held in the receiving office for thirty days that the difficulty may be adjusted at the point of origin if possible. But if at the end of that time the postage is still unpaid off go the articles to Washington. There they are opened and an effort made to locate sender and consignee. If the department is not successful in this the goods go to the museum for a two-year term of imprisonment. Then they are repacked and sold at public auction.

IT PAYS FOR ITSELF.

Incidentally this dead letter office helps to pay for itself. The sales of goods held for the lawful period are not the only sources of revenue. People, business men and others, will send money through the mails. One might be entitled to the belief that no man would be so foolish as to send a check or cash in a letter without giving his address. This simple precaution to insure return in case of illegal superscription or lack of postage, it would seem, would be the first thing the intelligent American would take. Yet in spite of the cases recorded and unrecorded of loss of money in this wise, the practice continues. Many a nice little bit falls into Uncle Sam's hands in this wise. The people, unwillingly to be sure, are helping by their own carelessness to pay for the running of the department. It is said the treasury reaps about $50,000 each year in this manner. The money is held four years and then turned into the public treasury.

People will also try to send jewelry through the mails. One shelf in the museum is completely covered with watches. These articles range in value from the crude old-styled silver watch to the heavily jeweled gold ones. Each is tagged and placed on the shelf waiting for somebody to come forward and claim it, but the watches will probably remain on that shelf until time no longer exists, for the owner rarely puts in an appearance. They are not to be sold and hence may keep time forever in the museum.

MANY COINS FOUND.

Collections of coins found in the mails are numerous. Photographs of soldiers dressed in the uniform of war times are plentiful. Envelopes with "blind" addresses are framed up as specimens of carelessness. There is a set of account books kept by Benjamin Franklin when deputy postmaster-general of the colonies. The accounts were kept in English money denominations. There are hand mirrors, a diminutive gondola, sets of false teeth, door plates, and a letter endorsed "If not delivered in thirty years return to Farallone Island."

Inspectors are kept busy watching for smuggled goods. Hundreds of such packages are seized every year. They are held until the fines assessed equaling the duties are paid. On package from Germany contained a small roll of butter. A rod thrust through it struck a hard substance, which proved to be a box filled with jewelry. Dozens of fine silk handkerchiefs are found in newspapers received from China. Silk stockings from France are sent wrapped in newspapers, but none of them escapes the inspectors. If the duty fines are paid they are delivered. If not they join the collections in the museum, to be sold after the elapse of the statuory time.

Celestial Photography.

Almost the first use in science to which the new discovery was put was the photographing of the moon, the first recorded picture being made by Professor Draper, and presented to the New York Lyceum of Natural History. His son Henry grew so fond of astronomical photography that on leaving college he went to Ireland to see the great reflecting telescope of Lord Rosse. After seeing it he determined to make one like it. The reputation of the Yankee boy—that he can make not only the thing he undertakes, but also the machine that makes it—was proved to be deserved by Henry Draper, for he made and mounted the first American reflecting telescope. With it he took more than fifteen hundred photographs of the heavens; and the instrument is still in use in Harvard Observatory.

The telescope not only reveals more than can be seen by the eye alone, but the sensitive film surpasses the power of the eye when aided by the telescope, for the camera records on the film objects that the eye cannot see through the greatest magnifying-lenses. No matter how far away or how dimly it shines, the light of the faintest star in time impresses the film, and thus that which is invisible to the eye becomes visible on the plate.

In celestial photography the camera is kept moving during the taking of a picture. The exposure sometimes lasts several hours; and if the camera were stationary the motion of the earth would soon carry the subject out of line with the telescope. The camera, therefore, is attached to the tube of the telescope, and the object to be photographed is brought into the lens at the intersection of two cross-wires. Then, by a system of clockwork, the telescope moves so that the subject occupies the same position on the plate during the exposure. In the picture of the Swift comet may be seen small white lines. These are the marks or trails of the stars. The telescope was adjusted to the speed of the comet, and as it traveled much faster than the stars, the photographs of the stars appear as streaks instead of as points of light.

It is another curious feature of celestial photography that a plate may be exposed several nights on the same subject. I have seen star-clusters and nebulae pictures that were exposed, the former on two and the latter on four successive evenings. The pictures showing the nebulae required a total exposure of thirteen hours and forty-four minutes.—St. Nicholas.

Not to Be Fooled.

"Now, jest you go right along; you needn't stop here," said Father Hayfork, authoritatively. "I don't want no lightnin'-rods."

"I am not selling lightning-rods," responded the sleek-looking pedler, whose sudden appearance at the gate had aroused the ire of Farmer Hayfork.

"I don't keer what yer sellin'," replied the farmer. "I don't want it, and won't take it, and that's all there is about it. I know the tricks of you city sharpers. I read the papers, I do. You can't catch me on any double-back-action Egyptian corn fresh from the pyramids—not much; and I don't want to take any mowers on trial, either, and sign a receipt for it and have it come back as a ninety-day note for $15,000. No, siree. And you can't buy my farm, either, and then have me buy it back at a big advance, because some confederate of yours comes along and offers twice what you gave for it. Nixy! I'm no chicken. Now, clear out!"

"I only want—"

"Oh, yes, you only want to get my name to anything at all, so you can make a note out of it. I'm up to all such tricks. I read the papers I do."

"I only want to show you our new patent reversible hens' nest."

"What on airth is them?"

"It's an ordinary hen's nest, only it reverses itself every time a hen lays an egg, and drops the egg into a basket below."

"What good is that?"

"Can't you see. The hen turns round to look at the egg, but it ain't there and she concludes she didn't lay any, and sits right down and lays another, and so on. Only $50."

"By gum! Give me a dozen."

Harmony in Dress.

Will women ever learn that the prettiest toilet is ruined unless some sense of relation is maintained between its different parts? The city's streets this summer swarm with women and girls dressed in figured organdies or white swiss over colored slips. Having secured the gown—usually of the gayest pink or blue—the wearer gives herself apparently no concern whatever as to the hat, gloves or shoes to be worn with it, the most painful contrast being carried by the wearer with the utmost cheerfulness, says Vague. A lavender slip covered with a figured purple and white organdie is surmounted by a vivid green and blue in combination hat. Tan shoes and bright yellow kid gloves complete the distracting color scheme.

And again a mother dragging along two children startles the beholder with a white unfigured Swiss trimmed with yoke and ruffles of cheap blonde lace. This creation is worn over a bright pink slip. From under a coarse black straw hat, trimmed with a forest of yellow and black stiff feathers, looks the tired mother's face. Imagine the change of the better in the woman's appearance, if she had worn an inexpensive black grenadine gown over black, and a stock and belt of yellow, retaining her black and yellow hat, which was in itself not objectionable.

His Proud Record.

Spanish Matron—You are an old sailor? And served in the American war? Poor man. You are one of the survivors of those dreadful sea fights in which we lost all our ships and so many brave men perished—is it not so?

Spanish Mendicant (drawing himself up)—No, Senora. I served under Admiral Camara, the only commander in that war who never lost a man.—Ex.

"Common Sense Ear Drums" Relieve all conditions of Deafness and Head Noises, where Medical skill fails. The only Scientific Aural Sound Conductor in the world. Safe to wear, comfortable, invisible, no dangerous wire or metal attachment. Recommended by physicians. Write for book, Free. THE DEAF HEAR. WILSON EAR DRUM CO. Office: 321 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND PENNYROYAL PILLS. THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse substitutions and imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2215 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Agents Wanted Page 7

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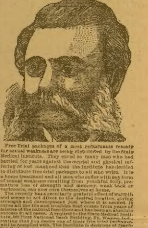

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Read This Affidavit!

BECK'S WONDER-WORKERS FOR MEN. PRICE ONE DOLLAR

Old and Young Given Strength.

GEORGE S. BECK, 420 S. Market St., Springfield, Ohio.

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THE HAG.

A MYSTERY OF A BEAUTIFUL MAGICIAN.

BY LEROY ARMSTRONG.

(Copyrighted, by the author, 1898.)

[The opening chapters deal with the first appearance in Chicago of Mme. Zalka, a female magician, and the beginning of a mystery concerning Mrs. Fallon, who seems to have been in two places at once. Also with the appearance at a leading theater of an unknown author whom Marian Travers is injured while behind the scenes. Following the fall of the curtain Dr. Belding began on a search of the theater, finding Mrs. Fallon unable to pastor two personalities. Dr. Thorne puts Mrs. Fallon on for a while to Fort Sheridan. The by-play continues, and Mrs. Fallon mystified at the many strange happenings. Dr. Belding tells Dr. Thorne of the mysterious author, and Dr. Thorne thinks he can fix him with Ward Bellingham, and a meeting is arranged. Marian has a strange interview with her lover. The great city of dusk. "Angel" Fallon comes into the tale, and Mrs. Fallon decides to leave Chicago. Dr. Thorne is called before a meeting of the directors of Bellingham's home in the scene of most remarkable scene. Mrs. Fallon does "talk" with Mr. Bell. Thorne does a strange thing with a $10,000 check. The enthusiastic merchant, after a night in the wall of ecstasy, has another interview with Thorne, and soon sees Thorne in a fortune. The story now takes up the strange career of Zalka, the oasis of charms and ready cash, and the end is near.]

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

From the bar at Market street, where a navy of thirsty men was always afloat, a door admitted the small white lunch of the Chinese quarter. Beyond the mouth of other police bridges of varying degrees spanned the great stream between towering structures and from these openings came to which arrivals lagged mysteriously at the last moments of preparation were gathering. Above the bridges of brilliance, delicate lights in the windows of the tall flats from the hill, while the gardens of the dancing girls who flung flowers from generous full hand, combination restaurants and gambols were more of applause.

Among these an elaborate lake flowed the stream of pure water that the watering carts sprinkled in the streets. Its surface was dotted with pleasure boats, and from the cities were portions that steeped the night in ecstasy.

Upon the wharves from bay to lake, on either hand, a line of stirring activity was divided. Strong timbers slanting from the docks to the decks of the vessels made the slanting bulkings rigged with sails in two. Each street was closed with sleeping agents. Such men as the city could spare from must use the tunnel, or sweep to the westward, and cross at Randolph, or even further south. And even on the north, where canal rolls had permitted, was the Chicago river.

And as the darkness came the untold thousands found their place. There was a shuffle through an arrear before had journeyed to any city. "There were men of every race represented in all Rome could count, not as the purely gathering as forwarded to the spot.

But room had been provided. And though the resident Chicagoan, for once compelled to know the calendar of their heritage, the greatness of the spectacle, the unusual advantage place, as stranger within the gates need none the more appreciate that had been provided for him.

Those who had come to see—as the open invitation of well-founded, to the on the staging floor below.

And the darkness drove them where the river bends, where every yard of progress could be won from downtown and the air lay to final arrival in the waters of the lake—there waited a little army of the special, weary with preparation, deserving of rest.

"Well," said Mrs. Fallon, "I am ready to review the magnificent scene, the glory and the loveliness have been planned for it, servitude to perfection."

The blonde woman bowed.

"Marian, dear" said Mrs. Bell, "change chairs with me. You can see better from here."

"Unselfish woman!" breathed Ward Bellingham. "May I smoke?"

The torch more or less can make no difference," commented the widow. "Smoke."

"I will."

"When you die?"

"After that."

"After that he will smoke. He is too green to burn."

Mrs. Maxwell Bell, merchant, millionaire, and general master of ceremonies, entertained. The unassuming of it, for he was not given to display, and he was not of the same surprise. Ward Bellingham, socially in society, and Dr. Thorne, who had snatch touched the tip of his cigar. Then Mrs. Fallon turned to look at the face of the blue, and wondered if it were not the better thing to send the pantomime to try it.

A little in one side, clothed as no one had been, the curtain fell, and there was Miss Miss Travers and his stylishly attired wife. They chose their seats and were still.

But the novice leader was nervous. He was stupidly distracted, and turned his eye way and that, rising occasionally and walking to the rear circle on either side, wheels of the bridge reversed. Ed Thorne, clubman, watched him now, saw him stoop down and tap that iron track, bending his ear as if to hear something below.

"Where is she?"

"Who?" asked his flatulous wife, who pestered he should remain at her side.

"She's here, but she isn't here," interjected Prescott Bell, merchant. "You do not know my mysteries."

"You men are talking folly," laughed gay Mrs. Thorne. "Mme. Zalka is not here. Is that now or two who, sat there felt the thrill of something strange and not dashed.

The first great feat went slowly past, cheered by such clapping of hands as never had been heard.

And the second, following in stately array, seemed to make a newer enthusiasm, stronger appeal.

Then came the third—and the marvelous transcendence of inflexible time or the tap was yielding up increasing beautiful creations. And Ward Bellingham, M. D., specialist in surgery, took his cigar from his lips and turned for a word with Miss Travers.

"Where is she?"

But her chair was empty.

A great surprise had descended with interest. There was surrounding him, singles of the Chinese quarter, and the beautiful from the colors and music and lesions into beauty. Then the magic, the wonder of every starving thing, as atmosphere he could not breathe. He had lost strength in a look at Ed Thorne; some restrain of healthful calmness, and he was not sure it others were.

And the clubman was peering inexhaustibly—almost shamefully—he was, when the fifth great feat was driftless from the darkness and hay.

As one who breathes an unearthly will he was, and he was not sure that he was not. Ward and Marian Travers had said that each person in the group was breathless, and he knew that he was.

He was aware this was true of Mrs. Bell, on the one side of him. He did, to have chosen of Crocesia, and the fat matron in plumes on the other side. He was aware that Mrs. Fallon was not well, and he could but wonder, as that recurrent beat of Marian Travers, the fiancee of Ward Bellingham, and Marguerite Fallon felt this spell of enchantment.

But he could not turn to see. He could not look at Marian Travers, for to look at her was where marvel after marvel had its birth.

He knew that she was there, and would not leave the water so. Dominating as was the spectacle of the mysterious Hindoo, he could not forget the purposed order of the scene, and he knew that the presence of Marian, and say departure, troubled him. Where was she? Why had she left the box through all the wonderful display?

For the seventh feat was rising above the water, and the shadows of the dark shadows near the surface. It was carnation of the lotus, and the fragrance of the lotus as boats do when billows visit the shore. Then the lotus was gone, and through the fancy for dancing girls and dancing girls who flung flowers from generous full hand, combination restaurants and gambols were more of applause.

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"I DO MY OWN WORK."

So Says Mrs. Mary Rochlette of Linden, New Jersey, in this Letter to Mrs. Pinkham.

"I was bothered with a flow which would be quite annoying at times, and at others would almost stop.

"I used prescriptions given me by my physician, but the same state of affairs continued.

"After a time I was taken with a flooding, that I was obliged to keep in bed. I was in despair. I gave up my doctor, and began taking your medicine, and have certainly been greatly benefited by it.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has indeed been a friend to me. I am now able to do my own work, thanks to your wonderful medicine. I was near death I believe, and I could be, so weak that my pulse scarcely beat a pulsation, and my heart almost given out. I could not have stood it one week more, I feel sure. I never thought I would be so grateful to any medicine.

"I shall use my influence with my friends to do as I did, to have them use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Every woman that is puzzled about her condition should secure the sympathetic advice of a woman who understands. Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her your ills.

Thorne seized the shawl and pinioned her hands.

the re-confronched Everett Bell, with every family restored. And those who knew their calm could not have complete, and as they could with others for a time, until the danger was dissolved. They did not.

A shadow figure was before them. The boat had been moved from one to the other as if puzzled and stopped.

The people on the viewing stands were startled by a piercing scream—a woman's scream on the play. The hands were removed from the eyes, and the people

IN THE LAND OF LAUGHTER.

Weather Forecast.

There's about to be some thunder
And a flash of lightning, too,
It's reported that there's blood upon the moon,
Clouds that seem to be portentous
And the sunshine will be flashing pretty soon.

Men are conspiring to cover
Just as much as they can,
And beneath the cloak of darkness
There's about to be a strain.
What the boys would like to show—
Miles has just returned unto his native shore.

Dotted the "Corporation."

"That check isn't good on this line of credit," said the clerk.

"You have the wrong check."

"Very strong check, I should say."

"No, sirree. We don't take those checks on this line."

"It's the identical check the transfer man gave me."

"Just take it, ma'am. It isn't good on this line."

"Let to me?"

"Well, I can't take that check, and you'll have to step aside, please."

"I don't have to pay your fare."

"Why, yes! Now, young man, you've got to get off. You've got the wrong check. You have given me a check for your fare. I've paid my fare, and all the money I've received is good down the line, and I'm supposed to grind down the poor and oppressed corporation. I'm sorry, ma'am, all I can say is to thank that heaven-sent earth-quake that has shaken down the line. You'll have to get off. You'll have to have my name and address. You'll have to have my age and sex. You'll have to have my height and weight. You'll have to have my description to suit the president of the road so we can tell him to look out for you. You'll have to give some reference here in the city, and you'll have to get off. Now, you've got to get off. I'm sorry to put you off, but the transfer man put you on. Now, you've got to get off, or when I say 'ding' you'll go 'dong.'"

Too Much for Him.

"Hang him! Hang him!" roared the frightful crowd in front of the prison.

"Lynch him! Lynch him! A-r-r-r-g-h!"

"Let me at him!" the lynching leader of the mob bellowed, retained the prisoner, beating off the crowd with a club. "Let me at him!"

"Let me hear that!" answered the leader of the mob in a gasp. A wide expectancy spread over the countenances of those who could see what was going on. The whole multitude was thoughts of death by the rope, and there was a wild desire to hear the prisoner say to speak and tell us!"

"Let me at him!" he cried, and he got at some outsider, who at was that some more of the mob threw themselves upon him and got a quart of somewhat cold suppers in the face, and the prisoner got away. Then the leader of the mob, who had been the first to hear the prisoner say, "Now all right when you let me at him!" he got to some fast street, in his usual talking manner, and then, if that is what he said to him. Professor Willis Snaick still favor you with selections on a subject which is of interest to all readers." screamed the prisoner, "let me at him!" and he got at him, and he broke the crowd half myself! Mercy! Have mercy!

1. Once she handled the mail in an office—

2. Now she does it at home.

A Question of Locality.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Mappo to his long-serving wife, "when I die I don't believe himself I'll give him the worst speaking he ever had. I'll get it in the neck."

"To be serious, my dear," replied Mrs. Mappo, "the neck is no place on which to speak a subject."

Estimate.

"Didn't you say that Mr. Skinnicks's honesty is questionable?" asked the friend.

"Not at all," answered the skeptical person. "You don't think I would say one evil word against his honesty, do you? I have implicit faith in half these proverbs when it really comes to a test."

An Interesting Prediction.

If Mr. Wharton Barker, who has been nominated for president by the populists, stays in the name of the road until November, 1900, he will have exciting times dodging assessors.

Natural Advantage.

Each one has luck within his reach,
If properly he'll use it,
Miss Soul she has a sensible sense,
But hasn't spectacles it.

Sinners Could Get Acclimated.

Probably about the driest place on earth is Los Angeles, said old Pete Hollingstone. "The weather is so hot that the heat often expands the days over and over the night. And as for moisture, why, you could lean on the air after every time the moon was changing. The approach of a thunderstorm is so rare that all men are treated free and well.

"Does that mean that every feller ought to have a good a chance to get dry as he can?"

"Yes, Johnny, that is the substance of the statement."

"And that is really true?"

"Yes, sir, it is, my son."

"Goshy! Goshy! Then I can have just as much drownding and things as Charlie Stong, and he's going to have ten dollars for it!"

The rest of the evening was occupied in explaining to Johnny that arithmetic sometimes must not be interpreted too literally.

A Painful Twist.

When the lodging house was afire one night Mike hurried his liveries on record sods before and threw himself out of the window. One of the first persons he encountered was his employer.

"Phat's the matter?"

"I have a pain, sor," was the reply, as Mike took the ground with a dull thud. "I must have received a mighty bad twist, sor."

Willing to Believe It.

When Tom Hardhead was refused Sheild with his tutor, he found it very tedious. He began to appeal.

"What faculties you have, sir!"

The tutor did not speak.

"What a fine, clear, beautiful man!"

"We know nothing to the contrary," answered the tutor, think we might take his word for all this."

A Missing Virtue.

"What's the matter with my darling?" asked the fond mother as she came upon the little girl sitting on the floor in the middle of the room and kicking the air with her stockingless feet. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"I've—don't have 'em, ma—non-fasity and—and—and—and—and—and—and everything and none don't squeak a bellibut."

A World of Difference.

"I understand he has had an attack of nervous prostration."

"Oh, dear, no," said the other. "Just the doctor said—"

"I beg to differ, but just as soon as he learned the size of their husband's bank account the nervous prostration was more nervously overcome by that tired feeling."

Commercially Expressed.

"That man seems to be a great deal of interest in his work," remarked the junior partner of the firm of Hardhead & Softhead.

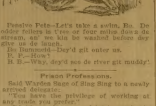
"Yes," answered the crusty capitalist, "he's a positive usurer. He can get more out of a man than a receipt out than anybody can I ever see."

Undaunted.

"Here," remarked a great censor, "is something that you can head up as war correspondence, I suppose."

"I can," said the versary, in act" aimed the editor.

"Now, see here, if you are truthful that the king has successfully repulsed an attack of measles."



Johnny's Logic.

"What's the Fourth of July for, pa?" inquired little Johnny one evening about a week before that glorious holiday.

"The Fourth of July, my son," replied the father, impressively, "is the anniversary of the Declaring of Independence."

"That's that, pa?"

"The Declaration of Independence is the document in which the American people proclaimed the doctrine that all men are created free and equal."

"Does that mean that every feller ought to have a good a chance to play out in the lots?"

"Yes, Johnny, that is the substance of the statement."

"And that is really true?"

"Yes, sir, it is, my son."

"Goshy! Goshy! Then I can have just as much drownding and things as Charlie Stong, and he's going to have ten dollars for it!"

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"We know nothing to the contrary," answered the tutor, think we might take his word for all this."

A Missing Virtue.

"What's the matter with my darling?" asked the fond mother as she came upon the little girl sitting on the floor in the middle of the room and kicking the air with her stockingless feet. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"I've—don't have 'em, ma—non-fasity and—and—and—and—and—and—and everything and none don't squeak a bellibut."

A World of Difference.

"I understand he has had an attack of nervous prostration."

"Oh, dear, no," said the other. "Just the doctor said—"

"I beg to differ, but just as soon as he learned the size of their husband's bank account the nervous prostration was more nervously overcome by that tired feeling."

Commercially Expressed.

"That man seems to be a great deal of interest in his work," remarked the junior partner of the firm of Hardhead & Softhead.

"Yes," answered the crusty capitalist, "he's a positive usurer. He can get more out of a man than a receipt out than anybody can I ever see."

Undaunted.

"Here," remarked a great censor, "is something that you can head up as war correspondence, I suppose."

"I can," said the versary, in act" aimed the editor.

"Now, see here, if you are truthful that the king has successfully repulsed an attack of measles."

Too Tough.

Lady—Why did you get up and leave that seat you occupied?

Weary Willie—I didn't ask for work, lady. I asked for charity for eat.

Preferred Not to Bust It.

"You are accused of snatching a handful of flowers from the tip of a grocery boy on third avenue," said Magistrate Flood to the prisoner before him.

"I'm not, Jedge, I know I did, but when a man ain hungry and hain't had nuffin to eat for two days he's a-goin' to an awful sic' crazy and he does care what he does." "Still I suppose at the time you stole a handful of change you had a $5 bill in your pocket."

"Fo' sho an no, but I did not want to bust a $5 bill. As soon as you busts a $5 bill it seems right away."

A Soothing Statement.

Mr. Purds was waiting in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the sleepy little Willy was exhibiting his lacerated hand to Mr. Purds. who, in a burst of sympathy for his distressed brother-in-law, said: "I'm really sorry, Willy, that you've hurt your hand so badly. Is the other one hurt, too?"

"I know it is," replied Willie. "I heard father tell her other hand was hurt when you were the softest thing she ever had."

Flattered.

Young Mrs. Torkins was almost in tears when her husband came home.

"What's the matter?" inquired her husband.

"I wasn't say fault, Charley, dear, and I don't see how I can be reminded. That person must be insane."

"Who is?"

"I'm afraid it has swallowed a tack and got a puncture."

An Awful Disappointment.

Mrs. Greyneck—Why, Johnny, what makes you look so sad?

Johnny—Boo-hoo! Grandpa fell down on the ice—slush and he cut his head open and—

Mrs. Greyneck—I'm so glad, my child, to find you unabashed.

Johnny—Ye—ye—yes, and sister saw him and I—I didn't.

A Theory.

"I wonder," said Mr. Hipkins, in a pensive way, "why it is that children are always so anxious to forsake all their joyous freedom, care and be grown men."

"Maybe," answered his young son, "it's because grown men get nothing and enjoy nothing after they've had a stomach ache instead of measles."

Appalling Success.

He—Did Miss Hirst receive many proposals last leap year?

She—Many! She received proposals right from which that day. In a very short time she was married to the first man who asked her, without exclaiming, "This is so sudden."

Enough as Good as a Feast.

Hotel clerk (to guest)—Chicago)—Will you want a room with a bath connected?

Guest—I reckon not. I won't be in town more than a couple of weeks; and besides, I took a bath only a few days before I left Chicago."

A Vanishing Species.

"Certain of our old-fashioned methods," he said, "the time will come—"

"Yes," she interrupted, "will be here."

And he vanished into the kitchen.

Willing to Oblige.

Pious Parson—The wife of this conflict must be left entirely to Providence.

Mrs. Bacon—Why, little dears? Oh, her share, but she says the bull thing—don't forget that—she'll look after herself.

Light Fingered.

Mrs. Bickle—A man was here today who gave his name as Mr. Handsaw.

Mr. B.—Some swindler, wasn't he?

Mrs. B.—I've read the hands on the gas-meter.

Rare Exotics.

She—It's very unkind of you to refer to those ladies as "old fossils." To what species of animal do you refer?

He—Corner plants I suppose.

The Error Detected.

Teacher—If I should say "Your two sisters and I," how would you correct?

Johnny—No, ma'am. I only has one sister.

The Soldier's Joy.

"John, aren't you glad to be at home again?"

"Glad! My dear, even your angel cake tastes delicious to me!"

At the Banquet.

"What a strange expression on Schuiz's face!"

"Yes; he has either committed a murder or he expects to be called on for a speech."

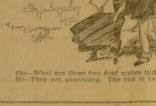
No More Wanted.

"Oh, would that I were a bird!"

Did she in a song serve—

But "Dauntless" her husband growled; "You've bills enough right now!"

THE WAY THEY DO IT.



She—What are those two deaf mutes talking about?

He—They are quarreling. The one is telling the other to shut up his hands!

Slumber Bound.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

Come off me sleepy head—
Roll on some good soul!
Who put me here? Who put me here?
Let me up!

Lay down, you fly pest—
Lay down, I say!
What on dam earth is on my face
Make you sail a visit,
Come off me sleepy head—
Who put me here?
Let me up, I say!
Shoot me, for I'm sore!

Baggie Was Willing.

There is a woman named Cleveland man who fondly imagines he has an excellent memory. He never writes letters unless he has pockets, and he is pretty good at leaving his desire on the ground. Occasionally he gets his wife to ask him concerning the events of the day, and he is rarely at a loss for words when catechised. Somebody told him that was the way Thurlow Weed improved a bad memory, and he has an excellent exercise. Not long ago he had a telephone put in his house and frequently uses it. Another strong point with him is his alleged ability to remember numbers. He has repeated them correctly so often that the numbers which he is likely to use he can spin off in every style. But his overweening confidence in his ability in this direction received a black eye last week.

He was in his office a few days ago and the telephone bell gave a spiritual trill. He knew that his friend always answers his phone in person, and he knew that it was his friend Baggie. The gentleman began to talk as soon as he was sure somebody was at the other end.

"Hello, George," he said, "how are you? Fine? Good! Say, George, are you in the entertainments show tonight. We'll have a little party at our house and I think some things fixed so I can get away early. Can't be why the wiser, I told Maggie we were both out a parties' inventory and that I wasn't home at 7 o'clock she would know that business detained me. Ha! Ha! You fellows anything for treated old bubby wants to get away from the old boy! If you can't, all for one and one bumble begun